

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1862.

THE FREE WEST.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN AMERICA.

LOUISVILLE TO CAIRO.

ALL railroad systems are perplexing to a stranger ; but the American is about the most. What with State divisions, and impassable rivers, and competing lines, and the enormous distances you have to travel over, it would be hard to steer one's course aright through the railroad labyrinth, even if you had available time-tables to steer by. But what makes the matter worse is that not, except at the railway stations, and very seldom there, can you find any time-table at all. There is no revealed evidence as to American railroads, and so you have to base your faith on natural laws, and support it by "undesigned coincidences" from the reports of hotel-keepers and fellow-travellers. Still, as in other matters, knowledge so derived is not conclusive, and you may possibly argue falsely.

I myself am a case in point. On the walls of my hotel at Louisville, there was a glowing advertisement, that the shortest route to Cairo, St. Louis, Kansas, and the Pacific Ocean, was by the Ohio and Mississippi and the Illinois Central, and that the express train started nightly at eight o'clock. The report was confirmed by collateral testimony on the part of the bar-keeper ; and, trusting to it, I started on my road, under the belief that—barring accidents—I should be carried to my destination without unnecessary stoppage. The train was, in truth, an express one ; and,

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throughout the night, I slept luxuriously in the sleeping cars, rocked to sleep, not unpleasantly, by the swaying motion of the train as we dashed onwards through the level country.

But joy in this instance did not come with the morning. It is not pleasant at any time to be woke up at 5 A.M. ; still less to be tumbled out, chilled, half-awake, and out of humour, on the platform of a lonely roadside junction ; and, least of all, to be then and there informed that the branch train does not leave for fourteen hours. The fact is, according to the appropriate American phrase, "I had not made good connexions ;" and the result of my error, was that I had to spend a livelong broiling day at Odin Junction. In the "Dame aux Perles" of the younger Dumas, there is a long account of how the artist-hero, in his hunt after the pearl-clad Duchess, was detained for some awful period (if I remember rightly, by want of funds), at a junction on the plains of Gallicia. The story had well-nigh faded out of my memory ; but, as I stood there shivering on the platform of Odin city junction, the whole scene rose to my mind, and I recalled with dismal distinctness how the luckless Oscar loitered about that dreary lonely station, where there was nothing to read, nobody to speak to, nowhere to walk, nothing to do, nothing even to watch for, except the arrival and departure of the trains. There may seem no great hardship in being kept a day in a strange place where,

at least, you can spend some hours in strolling about and making yourself acquainted with it; but the fatal peculiarity of my case was that, when you had walked once up and down the platform you literally knew the whole country as well as if you had lived there for years. It is impossible to conceive a country more hopelessly, irredeemably flat and bare, and unbroken. As far as the eye could stretch, the rich green pasture land of Illinois stretched away, unbroken by a single tree, like the surface of a vast billiard board. I believe, because I have been told so, that when you stand on the sea-shore, you can see fifteen miles of sea ahead; if so, from the platform of the station, which was raised a foot or two from the ground, you must have seen fifteen miles of plain in any direction. In the far distance on either side of the line there rose a grey belt of trees, where the settlers had not yet carried out the clearings; but this belt, and the telegraph poles, and a score or two of scattered houses, were the only objects which rose above the dead surface. The narrow single track of the railroad seemed to be drawn out, like a line of wire, till it dwindled out of sight, the two furthest points visible at either end being in a straight line with the spot on which I stood; and, for miles and miles away, you could see the railway trains after they had left the station.

In half a dozen years there will probably be a large town at Odin Junction, and already, as the inhabitants told me, the city had made a surprising start. But, as yet, it requires an American's faith in the doctrine of development to foresee the greatness of Odin. At present you can number its houses on one hand. There is the station, the hotel, one settler's house alongside, and two shells of houses—all wooden, by the way—in the process of building. Within a walk, you see about as many more scattered over the fields. And this is all. The odd fact, however, about this, as about all new American settlements, is, that it has not to develop from a village into a town, but that it starts into existence as the fragment of a town. So

here in Odin (why the junction should be named after the Northern hero god, I cannot guess) there is an hotel large enough for a town of a thousand inhabitants. The one complete settler's house is as pretty and comfortable a cottage "orné," with its snow-white walls and green shutters, and neat out-houses, as you would see in Cincinnati; and the two houses in the course of building will be, when finished, of a like size and look. The ground is already marked out for the church and school-house, and you can see that the buildings are all arranged so as to form the main street, with the railroad running through it. When that is finished, there will run out Walnut and Chesnut Streets parallel to it, intersected by the numbered thoroughfares, and the houses now built or building will take their places naturally in Odin city.

It must not be presumed, however, that the whole of these reflections were made upon the platform. Odin Junction, like many other things in America, turned out better on near inspection than at first sight. The hotel, like all hotels in the Free States, was clean and comfortable, and, as the owners were Germans, the cooking was wholesome. Somehow or other, the day passed lazily. We breakfasted at six, dined at twelve, had tea at six, and supped at eight. All these were strong substantial meals, each the counterpart of each other, and consisting of steaks, eggs, ham, cakes and coffee. Our table consisted of one or two travellers, detained like myself, of the railway officials, guards, clerks, and porters, of the workmen who were putting up the houses hard by, and of the landlord's family. Eating takes up a good deal of time, and digesting takes up a good deal more, and watching the new house-building was a quiet and not laborious amusement. The builder was an Englishman, who had emigrated young, had been a cattle-driver in Kansas, had made money there, set up a store in St. Louis and failed, and was now beginning life again as an old man, and as a carpenter. He had never touched a tool, he told me, for twenty

years, and had never learnt carpentering; but he had a knack that way, and, when he came to Illinois, and found there was no carpenter near Odin, he turned to the trade, and seemed sanguine of building most of the city. He had orders, he said, already for twelve houses on hand. Most of the inhabitants in Odin were Germans, and preferred talking German to me, when they found I understood it; but the children talked English, and hardly understood their mother-tongue.

There was one beauty, and one beauty only, about the scenery. On that flat pasture prairie land, and beneath that burning sun, the shadows cast by the passing clouds swept to and fro in deep dark masses. In our hilly, wooded, hedge-divided country, you cannot see a cloud's shadow thrown in its full glory, as you could here, hour by hour.

Watching them pass lazily, I speculated on a thought that has often crossed my mind of late, What must be the effect on a nation's character of being born and reared and bred in a country like this, where there is nothing grand about its scenery; where, even such beauty as there is, is so protracted and extended, that it becomes monotonous by repetition? One effect it has had already, and, I think, inevitably. The one "grand" thing about American scenery is its vastness; and so, to the American mind, mere size, simple greatness, has an attraction we in the Old World can hardly realize. There is much that is ludicrous about the expression of this feeling, and English critics have taken hold freely of its ludicrous side; but I am not sure that there is not also something grand about it. When a settler here boasted to me of the future greatness of Odin, the boast struck me at first as absurd; but I thought afterwards that it was this belief and pride in future greatness which had settled and civilized the new world whereon I trod. And so the day passed by, and night came on, almost at once, as it does in these southern countries, after the sun's setting.

A long night again, and then another

early waking, this time not on a platform, but in the middle of a swamp. Some eight miles above Cairo the whole country was under water, and the line was flooded. However, alongside the embankment, in the midst of a forest standing knee-deep in water, there was a flat platform-shaped barge, with a steam engine in the middle, which, in some mysterious way—I am not engineer enough to explain—propelled the raft, for it was nothing else. We were a long time getting off, for the train was loaded with medical stores on their road to Corinth, in expectation of a battle. It was hard work getting the unwieldy cases down the steep embankment; and harder still, dragging on board the coffins, of which there were numbers, sent by friends far away, to receive the remains of soldiers who had died at Pittsburg Landing. Whatever may be the faults of Americans, they work hard when they are about it; and in course of time the raft was loaded till it sank flush with the water's edge. Fortunately, the water was not deep; and, moreover, I have impressed upon myself the advice which an American friend gave me, when I set out on my journey, that the one thing needful in American travelling is implicit faith.

I presume that in ordinary times a road runs through the forest over whose track we sailed. At any rate we followed an opening through the trees. Our raft, which was about as unwieldy in steering as the *Monitor* (judging from what I saw of that much-vaunted miracle), had a way of jamming herself in between trunks of trees, and then had to be strained round by ropes back into the current. At other times she got aground, and had to be punted off with poles; and, when she was clear afloat, she would run foul of floating trunks of trees, and swing round the way she wanted not to go. Happily the current was so rapid that it carried us over every difficulty; and, somehow or other, dodging our heads constantly as we passed under the overhanging branches, we made way slowly. It was a pretty scene enough in the bright

fresh morning, when the leaves wore the first green tint of spring, and the shadows of the great trees were reflected in the water beneath the rays of the rising sun. So winding our way through the forest swamp, we came out on the Ohio river, and there shipped ourselves and our freight on board a steamer which bore us down the rapid river to where its waters join the Mississippi, at the city of Cairo.

There are some places in the world which when you get to, your first thought is, How shall I get away again? and of these Cairo is one. There is a Yankee legend that, when the universe was allotted out between heaven, earth, and hell, there was one allotment intended for the third department, and crowded by mistake into the second, and that to this topographical error Cairo owes its terrestrial existence. The inhabitants boast with a sort of reckless despair that Cairo is also the original of the valley of Eden, in which the firm of Chuzzlewit & Co. pitched their location; and a low hut is pointed out, which Dickens is said to have had in his mind when he described the dwelling where Mark Tapley immortalized himself. The description of the Chuzzlewit journey down the Mississippi is utterly inconsistent with this hypothesis; but I felt it would be cruelty to deprive my Cairo informant of the one pleasant reminiscence which the city could afford. The Mississippi and the Ohio meet at an acute angle, and on the low, narrow neck of land which divides the two, stands Cairo. The whole town is below the level of the river, and would be habitually under water were it not for the high dykes which bar out the floods. As it is, Cairo is more or less flooded every year; and, when I was there, the whole town was under water, with the exception of the high jetty which runs along the Ohio. On this jetty—the one great street of the town—the railroad runs; and fronting the railroad are the hotels and stores, and steamboat offices. On the further side of the jetty stretches a town of low wooden houses, standing,

when I saw them, in a lake of sluggish water. Any thing more dismal than the prospect from my windows, out of which I looked over the whole town, can hardly be conceived. The heat was as great as that of the hottest of the dog-days with us, and the air was laden with a sort of sultry vapour we hardly know of in England. A low mist hung over the vast waters of the Mississippi and the Ohio, and stole away over the long unbroken line of forests which covered their fruitless banks. The sun burnt down fiercely on the shadeless wooden city; and, whenever there came a puff of air, it raised clouds of dust from the dry mounds of porous earth of which the jetty is formed. The waters were sinking in the lagoon, and the inhabitants paddled languidly in flat-bottomed boats from house to house, looking to see what damage had been done. A close fetid smell rose from the sluggish pools of water, and fever seemed written everywhere. Along the jetty alone there were signs of life, and even that life was dismal. Long trains of empty luggage-vans were drawn up on the rails, in which the poorer settlers had taken refuge when they were driven out of their dwellings by the flood; and in these wretched resting-places whole families of women and children were huddled together miserably. The great river steamboats were coming up constantly from the camp at Corinth, bringing cargo-loads of wounded and sick and disabled soldiers, who lay for hours along the jetty, waiting for the means of transport northwards. There were piles, too, of coffins—not empty ones, but with the dead men's names inscribed on them—left standing in front of the railway offices. The smoke of the great steamboat-chimneys hung like a pall over the town; and all day and all night long you heard the ringing of their bells, and the whistling of their steam, as they came in and out. The inhabitants were obviously too dispirited to do what little they could have done to remedy the unhealthiness of their town. Masses of putrid offal, decayed

bones and dead dogs, lay within eyesight (not to allude to their proximity to the nasal organ) of the best dwellings of the city. The people in the street seemed to loaf about listlessly, and the very shopmen, most of whom were German Jews, had barely energy enough to sell their goods. And in all Cairo there was not a newspaper printed—a fact which in an American city speaks volumes for the moral, as well as physical, prostration of the inhabitants. The truth is, that Cairo is a depôt for transshipping goods and passengers at the junction of the Ohio, the Mississippi, and the great Illinois central railroad. There is money to be made here, and therefore people are always found to come and settle at Cairo for a time; but the time, either by choice or stern necessity, is always a very short one. At first the wounded soldiers from the army before Corinth were sent up here; but the mortality amongst them was found to be so great that the hospitals were closed, and the sick shipped up the river to Louisville and St. Louis, far away as they are from the scene of action.

RACINE CITY.

It had been my purpose to go on, from Cairo, to the camp of the Western army, and the battle-field of Pittsburgh Landing. Shortly, however, before my arrival I found that very stringent orders had been issued by General Halleck against allowing civilians to visit the army; and any attempt to obtain a pass would have necessitated a reference to head-quarters, and consequently a delay of many days at Cairo. There was ague in the bare idea, and so, unwillingly, I turned my steps northwards to the Free States of the West. A long day, and a longer night (counting time by sensation, and not by hours), brought me to the shores of Lake Michigan. I had travelled, straight almost as the crow would fly, from the south to the north of the State of Illinois, along the line of which General McClellan was President, not long ago, with less satisfaction to the

unfortunate shareholders than, I trust, he will afford ultimately to the American people. One day's scenery on a Western railroad is the counterpart of another. A track of forest, a vast space of open prairie land, a marshy lagoon, a broad river, a cluster of wooden houses, called a city, and an endless series of fertile fields, surrounded with snake fences—these are the elements of the scenery through which you pass. Arrange the picture, day by day, in different order—fill it up with herds of cattle, teams drawn by oxen, long stretches of rough, unmade roads, and scattered homesteads—dot, here and there, at long intervals, a fine stone mansion, a hotel, or seminary, or charitable asylum—throw over all a clear, bright sky and a gorgeous sunlight—and you will have before you the journey I took to-day, or yesterday, or which I am going to take to-morrow. So, too, day after day, the company you meet with in the cars, and the incidents of your journey, are inevitably the same. You take your seat in a long open car, about the length of two English railroad carriages fastened together and with all their compartments knocked down. The seats are comfortable enough, except that it is wearisome having no back high enough to lean your head upon; and—what is a real luxury in a long journey—you can walk up and down in the broad passage between the seats. Every half-hour or so, a boy passes through the car with a can of iced water, from which you can have a drink for nothing; while at other times he brings apples, oranges, and toffee for sale, together with a bundle of papers and magazines. It is an odd "trait," by the way, of national character, that, if the sale of his books is flat, the newsboy will come and lay down a copy of his magazines or illustrated papers alongside of every passenger in the cars, and leave it with him for half an hour or more. You may read it meanwhile; and, if you return it to the boy, on his coming round again, he will thank you all the same. Most of the passengers, of course, retain their copies; but, every now and then, some one, who had no intention of purchasing

beforehand, becomes interested in a story he has taken up, and buys the magazine. There is nothing to hinder any one from appropriating the book without paying for it; but in this, as in other small matters, it is the habit to repose great confidence in the average honesty of the public, and that confidence is rarely found to have been misplaced. Three times a day, you are summoned, at some roadside station, by sound of gong, to a meal, which is called breakfast, dinner, or supper, according to the hour, but which is the same everywhere, and at all times. You eat plentifully of beefsteaks, ham, poached eggs, pastry without end, and cakes; drink milk, or tea, or water—never beer or any spirituous liquor; and then take your seat again, and sleep, or talk, or read, till the next feeding-time arrives. At the intermediate stations, you only stop for a few seconds. The moment, almost, the train has stopped, you hear the standard cry of "All on board!" and then the train is again in motion. Indeed, all the arrangements for taking tickets, letting passengers in and out, and for loading and unloading luggage, are more simple and more perfect than those in use on any of our European railroads; all of them being based very much on the assumption that, as a rule, the passengers don't mean to cheat the conductors, and the conductors don't mean to cheat the company.

Every traveller in every foreign country must have remarked how very like at first everybody you met was to everybody else; but in America this sensation wears off less rapidly than in other lands. Especially in the West, this uniformity in the dress and appearance of your fellow-passengers is wonderfully striking. If you took a railway-train in England, entirely filled with second-class passengers—increased largely the proportion of commercial travellers, and of that class we hear so much of and see so little of at home, the "intelligent mechanic"—utterly eliminated anybody who looked poor, according to our English idea of poverty, and added an unusual number of pretty

young girls and faded women—you would form an average car's company in America. I don't mean to say—far from it—that you never meet people in the cars here who might ride in our English first and third classes; but there are certain classes whom you never meet, or think of meeting at home, except in a first or in a third-class carriage, and to these classes, there is nothing corresponding to be found in the living freight of an American car. There is not much conversation; the carriages are too noisy, and there is too little privacy for confidential communications. What talk there is, is all about the war, or politics, or on the local trade. Everybody, however, is quiet, well-behaved, and civil, almost without exception; and there is little or nothing of that offensive selfishness so often displayed amongst English railway travellers, in the attempt to make oneself comfortable at the expense of everybody else's discomfort. The common politeness too, shown to women, is very remarkable. It was pleasing to me, also, to observe how kindly the wounded soldiers, of whom we took up and put down numbers during our journey, were helped about, and looked after, by their fellow-travellers, and how eagerly the story of their battles was listened to by the knot of passengers collected round them. There was an old man, seated in front of me, who had just been down to Shiloh to fetch home his son, a lad of seventeen or so, who had fallen sick after the battle of Pittsburg. I shall never forget the pride with which the old man listened to his son's story over and over again, and how, as new passengers came in, he kept suggesting anecdotes to the boy, which he wished the new comers not to lose the hearing of.

Meanwhile, I have been a long time getting to Racine city. Very few of my readers will probably be aware that there is such a city as Racine in the world, still less where it is placed. It must be a map of pretty recent date to have the name inscribed on it. It will be sufficient, however, to say, that it is on the western shore of Lake Michigan, sixty

miles north of Chicago city; and, if the reader does not know where the lake and the city are, he can find them by looking. There is nothing remarkable about Racine, or worthy of description; and it is for that very reason—pardon the paradox—I wish to describe it. Years ago, there was a man who invented a machine which turned out hexameters, (real Latin ones, not nondescript ones of the Clough or Longfellow cast). There was no meaning in them, but the words placed in the machine were so arranged, that, in whatever order they happened to turn out, they placed themselves in hexameters. Now, if you had wanted to give a specimen of a machine-made hexameter, you would not have picked out a line in which, by some strange chance, there was a faint glimmering of sense or poetry, but one with the true ordinary meaningless monotony. Now, all Western cities seem to have been turned out by a city-making machine, warranted to produce a city of any size at the shortest notice; and, therefore, in describing the cities of the West, any average one will stand for all—the more average a one the better. Private circumstances, moreover, caused me to see a good deal of Racine, and, indeed, made my stay so pleasant there that I shall always think gratefully of the dull little town on the shores of the great inland sea.

Racine stands upon the "Root" river. Whether the town is named by translation from the river, or the river from the town, is a moot point on which the historians of the place are divided. Some persons suggest that the connexion between the names of the town and river is purely accidental, and that the city was named after the French tragedian. It may well be so. There is no limit to the eccentricities of American nomenclature; and there probably are a dozen towns in the United States named after Racine, and Rousseau, and Corneille. Whatever doubt there may be about the reasons to which the name of Racine is due, there is no traditional uncertainty about its birth and origin. There are men of middle age,

now living in Racine, who have lived through the whole life of the city, and who yet came here as full-grown men. A quarter of a century ago, when General Jackson, as President, suppressed the State Bank of the Union, hundreds of new banks sprang into existence, and flooded the country with an extemporized currency. Then followed a period of wild speculation, chiefly in the lands of the North-western territories. Steamboats were then first coming into full use, and through the chain of the great lakes, hundreds of thousands of emigrants, from the Eastern States, were carried by steamboats to the western shores of Lake Michigan. The banks failed; there was a commercial crisis; the speculators were ruined; but the emigrants remained. The prairie land was fertile and required no clearing; the Indians were few and peaceable; and communication with the civilized world was cheap and expeditious. In a few years the country was colonized far and wide, and towns sprang up on every side. It was then that Milwaukee, and Chicago, and Racine were founded. "*Veni, vidi, ædificavi*," should be the motto of Western settlerdom, so rapid is the growth of cities in the West. From some cause or other, of the three sister cities, Racine has been the least prosperous. Chicago has gone a-head so fast, that Racine has been altogether distanced in the race, and bears the reputation in the West of a sleepy humdrum place. To an Englishman, however, its quarter of a century's growth shows wonderful enough.

Along the shores of the lake there stretches a low steep sandy cliff, and upon its summit stands the city of Racine. Looking out on the great lake, there is little at first to tell you that you are not standing on the shore of the ocean. There is no trace of tide, and the air brings with it no savour of the salt sea; but the horizon on every side is bounded by water alone. Great ships with snow-white sails may be seen passing into the far distance; and, when the wind blows from the lake, the waves roll in upon the coast with a deep roar

and splash, as though they had been driven across the ocean. The Root river, with its dock and warehouses, and schooners and swing bridges, has a seaport air about it, which, if not the real marine article, is a wonderful imitation of it. Along the brow of the cliff runs the Main Street of Racine; and, as usual, a series of streets, parallel with, and at right angles to Main Street, completes the town. The whole place looks very new—newer far than it should be, after some six-and-twenty years of existence. Houses in this part of the world are short-lived. As fast as a settler makes money, he pulls down his house and builds up a new one. All Western cities hold to the earth by an easily snapped cable. If a householder gets tired of his position, he puts his house on wheels and decamps to another quarter. The lake has of late made inroads on the cliffs of Racine, and, when I was there, many of the residents on the cliff were moving their houses bodily to a safer locality. What with frequent fires, and the passion for house-building, there are probably few houses in Racine which remain such as they were when they were first built; and the settlers are now far older than their houses. So the Main Street of Racine is one of the most straggling and irregular of streets. Every now and then there is a block of office buildings, which would not be out of place in Broadway or in Cannon-street; next door, there is a photographic establishment, consisting of a moveable wooden hut; then, in the aristocratic extension of Main Street, a sort of suburban avenue, there is every style and grade of building. The favourite order of architecture is a kind of miniature model of the "Madeleine," at Paris, in wood. Even the office where the local dentist tortures his patients is entered beneath a Corinthian portico, supported by fluted wooden pillars of six feet in height. But amidst these wooden dwellings, each standing in its own garden, there are to be found stone mansions, such as you might see in Palace Gardens, or in the more aristocratic terraces of Upper Westbournia.

Then there is a public square, a park, a court-house, and a dozen churches and chapels, and meeting-houses of every denomination. The town is rather at a stand-still at present, in the matter of internal improvements, as, by different jobs and speculations, the corporation has contrived to run itself about 80,000*l.* into debt. The street-lamps, therefore, are not lit, though there is a gas factory in the town; and the roads are left pretty much as Nature made them. However, better times are expected for Racine. In a few weeks a line will be opened connecting it directly with the Mississippi; and then it is hoped that it will compete successfully in the grain trade with its rival Milwaukee, and that the harbour, on which 12,000*l.* have been expended by the town, may become the great port for the Eastern trade.

It is curious, as you stroll about the streets of Racine—or, for that matter, of any other small Western town—to notice the points of difference between it and an English county town. The differences are not very marked ones. You never see in England a high street like the Main Street of Racine; but each single house might stand in an English street without exciting notice. There are some slight features, however, about the town which would tell you at once you were out of England. The footpath is made of planks. The farmers' carts, with which the street is filled, are very skeletons of carts, consisting of an iron framework, supported by high narrow wheels, on which a small box is swung, barely large enough for the driver to sit upon. Big names are in fashion for designating everything. The inns are 'Houses,' or 'Halls'; the butcher's is the 'Meat Market'; the dentist calls himself a dental operator; the shops are 'Stores,' 'Marts,' or 'Emporiums'; and the public-houses are 'Homes,' 'Arcades,' 'Exchanges,' or 'Saloons.' There is nothing, indeed, corresponding to the old-fashioned English public-house. The bar-rooms, of which there is a large supply, are externally like common shops, except that the door is covered by a wooden screen, so that the drinker

is not exposed to the gaze of the passers in the street. Here, by the way, as elsewhere in the States, you never see a woman even in the poorest of bar-rooms. The shops themselves are about as good, or as poor, as you would find in a town of the like size (Racine has 12,000 inhabitants) at home. What is un-English about them is the number of German labels and German advertisements exhibited in the shop-fronts.

The amusements of Racine are about as limited as if it stood in our midland counties. Judging from the posters of ancient date which hang upon the walls, a passing circus, an itinerant exhibition of Ethiopian minstrels, and an occasional concert, are all the entertainments afforded to the inhabitants. Some of the street-advertisements would be novelties to English townfolk. A Mrs. Frances Lord Bond is to lecture on Saturday evenings on spiritualism; a fancy fair is to be held for the Catholic convent of Saint Ignatius; and a German "choral-verein" is to meet weekly for the performance of sacred music. Then, even in this remote and far-away corner of the States, there are the war advertisements. The Mayor announces that a great battle is expected daily before Corinth, and requests his townspeople to provide stores beforehand for the relief of the wounded. The Ladies' Aid Committee informs the ladies of Racine, that there will be a sewing meeting every Friday, in the Town Hall, where all ladies are requested to come and sew bandages for the Union soldiers—every lady to bring her own sewing-machine. Then there is the requisition of the Governor, calling for recruits to fill up the gaps in the ranks of the Wisconsin regiments who were cut to pieces on the field of Shiloh.

Of course, a town of the importance of Racine must have a press. In more prosperous times, there were three dailies published here; but times are bad, and the dailies have collapsed into weeklies. These are the *Advocate*, the *Press*, the *Democrat*, and a German paper, the *Volks-Blatt*. As a sample of a Western country newspaper, let me take a copy I

picked up of the *Racine Advocate*. It is of the regular four-page, unwieldy English size, and costs six shillings annually, or five half-pence a single number; and is headed with a poetical declaration of faith, that,

"Pledged but to truth, to liberty, and law,
No favours win us, and no fear shall awe."

The advertisements, which occupy two of the four pages, are chiefly of patent medicines, business cards, and foreclosure sales. The local news, as in all American country papers, is extremely bare; and there are no law reports, or accounts of county meetings. The politics of the paper are staunch Republican and Anti-Slavery; and the leading articles are well written, and all on questions of public, not local, politics, such as the Confiscation Bill, General Hunter's proclamation, and the taxation question. There is a short article, headed "LLD. Russell," which I will venture to say is contributed by an Irishman. "It was 'with no little satisfaction,' so the *Advocate* states, 'that the loyal people of 'the North saw the announcement that "'Our Own Correspondent' had engaged 'passage back to England. . . . We pity 'the readers of the *Times*, who have 'got to unlearn all they have been 'taught to believe of us for a year past. 'We'll venture the prediction that, in 'less than six months, the *Times* will 'discharge the LLD., and make him 'the scapegoat of its malice and traitor-'*bought* attacks on the Federal Government."

With the exception of this outburst on the subject of Mr. Russell, the language of the *Advocate* is sensible and moderate enough. There are letters from the War copied from New York papers, and lists of the killed and wounded in the Wisconsin regiments; but fully one page of the paper is occupied by short tales and poems. When I say that their headings are, "How the Bachelor was won," "A Girl's Wardrobe," "Gone before," and "Katie Lee," the reader will have no difficulty in realizing to himself what the description of intellectual varieties afforded by the

Advocate consists of. If he cannot do so by the light of his own experience, let him read any number of the *Family Herald*, and he will do so at once without crossing the Atlantic. Before I leave the *Racine Press*, let me mention one incident I learnt about it, which is characteristic of the old, as well as of the new, country. The *Racine Advocate* built a handsome block of buildings which quite eclipsed the office of the *Press*. Unfortunately, the *Press* discovered that the windows of the *Advocate's* new printing-room could be shut out from the light if a taller store was built alongside; and so the *Press* is building an office next door to the *Advocate* in order to block up its windows. Country editors, it seems, remain the same race of men in Racine as in Little Peddlington.

Society in Racine is still in its primitive stage. Dinner parties are unknown, and balls are events of great rarity; but tea parties, to which you are invited on the morning of the day, are of constant occurrence. Probably there is as much scandal and gossip, and as many sets, here as in an Old-World country town; but there can hardly be the social divisions which exist with us. If you inquire the names of the owners of the handsomest houses in the town, you will find that one perhaps began life as a stable-boy, another was a waiter a few years ago in the hotel of the town, and a third was a bricklayer in early life. On the other hand, some of the poorest people in the place are persons who were of good family and good education in their former country. A short time ago the two least well-to-do members of the Racine community were an ex-member of a fashionable London club and a quondam English nobleman. This very mixture of all classes, which you find throughout the West, gives a freedom and also an originality to society in Racine, which you would not find under similar circumstances in England. If I were asked whether I should like to live in Racine, my answer would be an emphatic negative; but, if the choice were put to me whether I would sooner

live in Racine or in an English county town, I am afraid that nothing but patriotism would induce me to decline Racine.

ON THE PRAIRIE.

We have all laughed, or by this time ceased laughing, at the story of the Irishman who brought a brick from the Pyramids to show his friends what the Pyramids were like. Yet I know not that the Prairie could be described better to those who have never seen it, than by bringing home a spadeful of prairie sod and telling the spectators to multiply that sod in their minds by any multiple of millions they choose to fix upon. In truth, there is nothing to describe about the prairie, except its vastness, and that is indescribable. I suppose most of us in our lifetime have dreamt a dream that we were wandering on a vast boundless moor, seeking for something aimlessly, and that, in this dreary search after we knew not what, we wandered from slope to slope and still the moor stretched before us endless and unbounded. Such a dream, I, for my part, recollect dreaming years ago; and, as I drove the other day for a mile-long drive across the prairies of Northern Illinois, it seemed to me that the dream had come true at last.

East, west, north, and south, on the right hand and on the left, in front and behind, stretched the broken woodless upland. Underneath the foot a springy turf, covered with scentless violets and wild prairie roses. Overhead a bright, cloudless sky, whence the sun shot down beams that would have scorched up the soil long ago, but for the fresh soft prairie breeze blowing from the Far West. Low grassy slopes on every side, looking like waves of turf, rising and falling gently. Not a tree to be seen in the far distance, not a house in sight far or near, not a drove of sheep or a herd of cattle; no sign of life, except the dun-coloured prairie chickens whirring through the heather as we drove along. Nothing but the broken, woodless upland. So we passed on, coming from time to time

upon some break in the monotony of the vast dream-like solitude. Sometimes it was a prairie stream, running clear as crystal between its low sedgy banks, through which our horses forded knee-deep, and then again the broken, woodless upland. Sometimes it was a lone Irish shanty, knocked up roughly with planks and logs, and wearing a look as though it had been built by shipwrecked settlers, stranded on the shore of the prairie sea. Further on, we came upon a herd of half-wild horses, who, as we approached, dashed away in a wild stampede; then upon a knot of trees, whose seeds had been wafted from the distant forests, and taken root kindly on the rich prairie soil; now upon an emigrant's team, with the women and children under the canvas awning, and the red-skirted and brigand-looking miners at its side, travelling across the prairie in search of the land of gold. And then again the silent solitude and the broken, woodless upland.

These breaks, however, in the monotony of the scene are signs of the approach of civilization—warnings, as it were, that the days of the prairie are well-nigh numbered. The friends with whom I travelled were engaged in pushing a railroad right through the heart of the prairie over which we crossed. To my English ideas, the line in progress looked like the realization of the famous line which went from nowhere in general to nowhere in particular; but American experience has proved that a prairie railroad creates its own constituency. In three or four years' time, the prairie over which I travelled will be enclosed, the rich soil will be turned up, and will bring forth endless crops of wheat, till, as a settler said to me, the prairie looks, at harvest time, like a golden carpet; and large towns will be raised on the spot where the Irish shanty stands at present. Every year the traveller has to go further and further West to find the prairie; but its extent is still so vast that generations, perhaps centuries, must pass away before the prairie becomes a matter of tradition. Settlers in the country tell one that it is necessary to

live for some time upon the prairie to feel its charm, and that, when its charm is once felt, all other scenery grows tame to one. It may be so. I believe, without understanding it, that there are people who grow to love the sea, and feel a delight in seeing nothing but salt water round them for days and weeks and months together. So, for some minds, the endless sameness of the prairie may have a strange attraction. For my own part, the sense of vastness about the prairie was rather overpowering than impressive; and I plead guilty to a feeling of relief when we got out of the prairie into the tilled fields, and country villages, and pleasant woods, which spread along the banks of the Mississippi river.

UP THE MISSISSIPPI.

Of many pleasant river sails it has been my lot to make, my two days' sail up the great Western river, is, I think, the pleasantest. I came upon it some 1,600 miles from its source, far away in the North West, where it forms the frontier line between the States and Wisconsin and Iowa. The spring freshets this year had been unusually high, and the floods were only beginning to subside, so that the expanse of water was grander even than it is in ordinary times. The flat mud-bank islands which the river forms year by year, from the deposits of its rich soil, were covered with water; and in many places, from bank to bank, the waters spread for three miles or more. How the steamer found its way amidst the countless channels, between the thousand islands, all covered with the rich rank forests, and all the counterparts of each other, is a mystery to me still. If ever there was a river worthy of the name of the "Silent Highway," it is the Mississippi. The great saloon steamers glide along so noiselessly that, to me, used to the straining and creaking of an English steamboat, it seemed difficult to believe that the vessel was in motion. The great shallow flood roll along without a swell, almost without a ripple. The

silence of the great forests along the banks is unbroken by the sound of birds or of any living thing. For miles and miles together not a village or house is to be seen, and the river flows on as silent, and as solitary, as it must have flowed when De Soto first struck upon its course two centuries ago, and hailed it proudly as the "Father of many Waters."

On either side the river rise the high cliffs, or bluffs as they are called here, of reddish sandstone. At a distance, the great masses of the rock, twisted into all fantastic shapes by the action of the water ages and ages ago, look like the ruins of some old Norman castle. Sometimes the river rolls at the very foot of the overhanging cliffs. At others, a low swamp land, covered with close-set forest trees, lies between the river and the cliff. But to me the great beauty of the scene lay in the richness of the colouring. The green woodlands of England are tame and dull compared with the green forests of the Mississippi in the first burst of summer; and the towering masses of rock, the patches of bare sandstone, and the hill-sides of the steep gullies that run into the river, shone out with a depth and gorgeousness of colour that I fancied was not to be found under a Northern sun. As for sunsets, you should see them on the Mississippi, when the river, in one of its hundred twists and twinings, bends for a time Westwards. Then you seem to be floating down the stream towards a vast canopy of fire and flame and golden glory. You may behold a sunset there, such as the fancy of Turner might have pictured, and sought in vain to realize!

Trade is dull on the Mississippi now. At this early summer season the boats would have been much crowded but two years ago, by hundreds of Southern families flying from the deadly heat of New Orleans; but now we had scarce a score of passengers on board. There was not much life upon the river. Two or three times a day, perhaps, we passed a steamer going southwards; and sometimes we came upon a string of huge lumber rafts, punted cautiously

along by gangs of wild-looking boatmen. Every hour or so we came to some small town on the river side. They were all like each other, differing only in size. A long street of low houses, stores, and wharves fronting the river; a large stone building, generally a hotel which had failed; a few back streets running towards the bluff; perhaps a row of villas on the hill side, and very often a railway depôt, are the common characteristics of a Mississippi town. The one beautiful thing about them is their position, nestling as they do at the foot of the cliffs; and this a beauty which even the ugliness of the towns themselves cannot destroy. There are still many traces hereabouts of the French settlements: *Prairie du Port*, *Prairie du Chien*, and *Oubagne*, are names which bespeak their own origin. Along the river there are several French villages, or rather parts of villages. They are a queer race; "Tumbos," as I heard an American settler call them—half Indian, half negro, and half French. In this admixture of half-breeds, the French element has kept the mastery; and they still speak a broken French, and are all devout Catholics. They also retain the passion of the French peasant for his land. No price will induce a half-breed to sell his land, but he is content with possessing it without seeking to improve it. Indeed, the development of the half-bred race has not been such as to strengthen the cause of the advocates of amalgamation between the white and the coloured race. They are a wild, handsome race in look, though not physically of sturdy growth. As far as I could learn, there is no particular prejudice against them among the American settlers any more than there is against the Indians. Both races, half-breeds as well as Indians, are so obviously dying out, that the feeling of the Americans towards them is rather pity than jealousy. The half-breeds are an inoffensive people; but they are dirty, ignorant, and indolent. They live chiefly by fishing and hunting, and die away gradually in the villages where they are born. At *Prairie du Chien*, or

"doo-shane," according to the popular Western pronunciation, stand the ruins of a large barracks. It seems strange, in this land of railroads and steamboats and great cities, to learn that these barracks were erected but thirty years ago, to protect the soldiers of the United States against the Indians in the great Black Hawk war. The barracks are useless already, for the Indian has retreated hundreds of miles away. By these ruins, I came upon the first party of Indians I had seen. There were four of them; two men—father and son—with their squaws. They were very dirty, very ragged, and painted with all kinds of colours. They had bows and arrows with them of the rudest kind; but I suspect their chief livelihood was derived from begging. They told us, in broken English, that they were very miserable, which I have no doubt was true; and the only trace of dignity I could see about them was, that they took the small alms we gave with absolute apparent unconcern. The one piece of luggage belonging to the party was carried by the younger squaw, and that—alas! for Indian romance—was a teapot of Britannia metal.

THE CAPITAL OF THE NORTH-WEST.

Whatever may be the merits or demerits of half-breeds or Indians, it is certain that it needed a far other race to produce the city of Chicago. Of all American commercial cities, it is, to my mind, the handsomest. Thirty years ago, not a house was standing here, except a mud fort. Now, Chicago, with its miles of wharves and warehouses, its endless canals and docks, its seventy churches, and its rows of palace-like mansions, is probably, in size and importance, the third city in the States. There is some uniformity about the buildings in the streets, from the fact that they have all been built almost at the same time; and the monotony of the straight rectangular streets is somewhat relieved by the canals which cut across them in every direction. When you have made, however, the stock remark, that, within a

quarter of a century, a trans-Atlantic Liverpool has been raised upon the swampy shore of Lake Michigan, you have said pretty well all that is to be said about Chicago. If a poor neighbour becomes a millionaire, you think it a remarkable occurrence, and possibly you regard him with envy; but I don't think, judging from my own ideas, that you are struck with a reverential awe. So, in like manner, when you have once realized the idea of how Chicago has grown out of nothing in no time, you have about exhausted the subject. Barges, and drays, and steam-boats, and factories, are much the same all the world over. Goethe is constantly reported to have said, (though I own, I never came across the saying in any of his writings), that there was more poetry in a spinning-jenny than in the whole *Iliad* of Homer. It may be so, but Goethe never tried to write a poem about a factory; and so I defy anyone, except a land-agent, to expatiate on the beauty and glories of Chicago. To me it is remarkable and noteworthy, chiefly as the centre of the new world, which is growing up with a giant's growth, in these free States of the North West. A commercial panic, a change in the route of traffic, might destroy Chicago; but no human power could destroy the great corn-growing region of which, for the time, it is the centre and the capital.

When Prince Napoleon passed, the other day, through this Western country, he said to a fellow-traveller that, in not many years to come, the valley of the Mississippi would be the centre of civilization. The remark was probably dictated, in part, by the natural politeness of a Frenchman; but in part, also, by the far-sightedness of a Napoleon. It must be an unobservant traveller who goes through this region without the thought being forced upon him, that the West is destined to play a part, and no insignificant part, in the world's history. For days and days together, for hundreds and hundreds of miles, you pass through States larger than European kingdoms. Everywhere railroads are building, towns are growing up,

and, above all, the wild soil of the prairie is being turned, almost without an effort, into the richest of corn-growing countries. Rapid as the progress of railroads is, the growth of the soil is more rapid still. In many parts of the West there are said to be three years' crops of wheat stored up, waiting only for delivery till the means of transport are provided. Indian corn is so plentiful that it may be had for asking; and on the prairie there is pasture land for all the herds of cattle which the world can boast of. Centuries well-nigh must pass, even with the astonishing increase of population in these parts, before absolute want is known in the West by any class, or before the West ceases to be the granary of the New World, if not of the Old also. These are the economical conditions under which the West will rise into national existence. The political conditions are not less remarkable. The whole of these North Western States have been founded by individual enterprise. They owe nothing to Government aid, or support, or patronage. Every farm and town and state has been founded by the free action of settlers, doing as seemed best in their own sight. The West, too, more than any part of the Union, has been colonized by one uniform class. There have been no aristocratic families amongst the first colonists, as in Virginia and Maryland; no dominant religious leadership, as in the New England States. In the West all men are equal, as a matter of fact, not at all of abstract theory. The only difference between man and man is that one man is richer than another; but fortunes are made and lost so easily in this part of the world that the mere possession of wealth does not convey the same power or importance as it would in an older and more defined society. I quite admit that this dead level of society has its disadvantages. For a man of refined tastes, and imbued with the teachings of old-world civilization, the West must be a wearisome residence. It would be so, I feel, for myself. As the undergraduate said, when he was asked to describe the

structure of the walls of Babylon, "I am not a bricklayer." Not being a bricklayer of any kind, social or political, I have no taste for living in brickfields; and the West is nothing more, as yet, than a vast political and social brickfield, upon which, and out of which, some unknown edifice is to be raised hereafter, or rather is raising now. Still there are some lessons which may be already learnt from the young history of the West, and one of them is the power of self-government. There is little power to compel obedience to law. Still less is there any superintending authority to tell men what they ought and ought not to do; but somehow or other there is a general security, respect for law, and a peaceable order, which seem to grow up without any forcing process. Wherever you have slavery, you have rowdiness also; but in the Free States of the West the rowdy proper is as unknown as the slave.

But the more pressing question, with regard to the West, is, what its influence is, and will be, on the civil war. We, in Europe, look upon the struggle as one between North and South, and can scarcely realize the fact that the West will in a few years be more powerful than the North and South put together, and is virtually the arbiter of the struggle between the two. Now, about one fact there is no doubt whatever, and that is that the West has thrown its whole power into the cause, not of the North, but of the Union. The development of the West requires two essential conditions—one, that it should have free access through the Lakes to the Atlantic; the other that it should hold the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico. And the only way by which these conditions can be satisfied is by the whole country, between the lakes and the river, being held by one government, while the only government which can so hold it, as a matter of fact, is the Union. It requires no great amount of thought or education to understand these conclusions; and the West is sufficiently educated, by the free school system, and the more important teaching of political self-government, to

appreciate them fully. The West means to preserve the Union, and is as determined as the North, perhaps more so, though on different grounds. It is curious to note the difference of tone in the West and in the North about the war, as expressed both in the press and in conversation. Here there is much less of regard for the constitution as an abstraction, much less of sentimental talk about the Fathers of the country, or the wickedness of Secession. On the other hand, there is a greater regard for individual freedom of action, a greater impatience of any Government interference. The truth is, the enormous German element in the population produces a marked difference in the state of public feeling. To the German settlers, the fame of Washington inspires no particular reverence; the names of Franz Sigel, and Karl Schurtz, and Fremont carry more weight than those of Jefferson and Hamilton and Madison; and the traditions of the war of Independence are not as vivid as those of '48 and the campaign of Schleswig-Holstein. They are attached to the Union because it has proved a good Government to them, or rather has allowed them the unwonted privilege of governing themselves. The German element, it is true, is absorbed with wonderful rapidity into the dominant American one; but still, in the process of absorption, it modifies the absorbent.

In like manner, it is easy to trace a difference of feeling about the abolition question in the Free West and in the North. With the New England States, abolition is a question of principle and of moral enthusiasm. In the North, the abolition feeling is checked and hampered by the national reverence for the Constitution. Even amongst the most ardent professed abolitionists in the North, there are few logical or sincere enough to admit that the maintenance of the Constitution *may* be incompatible with the abolition of slavery; and Wendell Phillips is the only abolitionist I have met with who faces this dilemma boldly, and asserts that, if it should arise, then the sooner the Constitution perishes

the better. Now, in the West, the abolition feeling is infinitely more practical, though of less elevated character. There is but little of sentimental sympathy with the sufferings of the negro, and perhaps little enthusiasm for abolition, as an abstract measure. Two propositions, however, about slavery have established themselves fully in the Western mind. The first is, that slavery in the West is fatal to the progress of the country; the second, which has been adopted chiefly since Secession broke out, is, that the existence of slavery at all is fatal to the peace and durability of the Union. Given these propositions, the West draws the conclusion, that slavery must be abolished; and, if abolition should prove inconsistent with the Constitution, then the master-piece of Washington must be modified. To do the Germans justice, too, they are, with the exception of the poorer Catholics, anti-slavery on principle. In the school in which they learnt democracy, the doctrine of the "Rights of Man" was not qualified by a clause against colour.

These remarks of mine must be taken as expressing rather the general tendency of what I have seen and heard in the West, than as a description of the state of public feeling at the moment. Like all America, the West, though in a less degree perhaps, is in a state of political earthquake. Politics and parties and principles vary, from day to day, with the events of the war. The one point on which all are agreed is, that the insurrection must, and will, be suppressed; and the war, in every railway car and tavern and house you enter, is the one topic of talk and interest. You cannot forget the war if you would. Every carriage you enter in your travels through the West has sick or wounded soldiers in it, going home to be nursed, and, if I can judge their faces right, to die. So far the West has done the best part of the fighting, and, if needed, will fight on to the end.

I trust it may never be my fortune to settle in a new country; but, if it should be, may it be in the free West, on the Mississippi river!

THE REAL WORLD OF BERKELEY.

BY PROFESSOR FRASER, OF EDINBURGH.

PERHAPS the world of sense, and our life in it, has lost some of its original freshness to the 'less exercised and more burdened minds' of these later generations. We are compensated, however, in the many new points for contemplating this scene in which we find ourselves, which past speculations provide. These invite us to look at things with the eyes of departed thinkers, and to realize the different conceptions by which they tried to make this strange world more intelligible to themselves. In this way our intellectual sympathies are expanded, our experience is made broader and richer, and, if we learn less about mere nature, we know more about man and God. We have in this, moreover, a moral exercise in candour and charity, by means of which, as the ages roll on, men are learning to appreciate freedom, with its attendant discord of opinion, as the best means for gradually discovering truth, in the partial and fragmentary way that truth is disclosed to finite minds. We are apt to take for granted that problems can be solved only at our own point of view, that they admit of being stated only in one fashion, and that, however our conclusions may be disputed, our premises must not be meddled with. The great magazine of thoughts about things—many of them very different in appearance at least from our own thoughts about them—which we find in the history of metaphysical opinion, is by far the most effectual instrument for breaking up these individual incrustations.

Although England is sometimes said to be poor in speculative genius, its stores are ample and rich enough to afford much nourishment of this sort. We find proof of this in various strata of Anglican opinion in the past. The philosophical ability, for example, of the dignitaries and other clergymen of

the Episcopal Church of England and Ireland, in the period which immediately preceded and followed the appearance of Locke's "Essay," has bequeathed treasures which, besides the service already referred to, may be turned to more direct account in the inquiries and aspirations of this day. One of the earliest of these episcopal metaphysicians was Joseph Glanvill, rector of Bath, and chaplain to King Charles, author of the "Vanity of Dogmatism," who heralded the inductive philosophy with his favourite doctrine of 'confessed ignorance the way to science.' Cudworth, More, and the other Cambridge Latitudinarians are a group of independent theological thinkers to whom we owe the earliest philosophical defence of theological toleration. The "Essay" of Locke called forth Lee, the rector of Tichmarsh, Lowde, the rector of Settrington, and Norris, the recluse rector of Bemerton, in Wiltshire—the English disciple of Malebranche. A brother rector of Norris, in the same county, Arthur Collier, produced some of the most subtle speculations of his time in metaphysics and philosophical theology. Then we have Samuel Clarke, whose correspondence with Butler and Leibnitz involves almost all the interesting questions in abstract speculation; Jackson, the rector of Rossington, famed for his controversies with Law; and Perronet, the vicar of Shoreham, one of the most ingenious defenders of Locke. The name of Butler, even if it stood alone, would distinguish the episcopal bench in England in the history of eighteenth-century philosophy—a period in which the Irish hierarchy could produce King, and Browne, and Berkeley. This list, which might be largely increased, carries us back in imagination to a period long before that in which English thought was modified by Kant, Hegel, and Comte, or by Coleridge and

Hamilton. The intellectual atmosphere of that day was mainly formed by Bacon, Hobbes, and Locke, with elements introduced by the great cotemporary metaphysicians Malebranche and Leibnitz. Some thoughtful student of the vexed questions and the questioners of our nineteenth century may, perhaps, like to join us for a little in the less exciting companionship which the names above enumerated suggest.

The republication, a year or two ago, of an almost forgotten tract by Bishop Berkeley¹ draws our attention first to the most subtle intellect in the company—to contemplate the interior of the beautiful intellectual temple to which this incidental work may be regarded as a side-porch. It is true that admission to it is reported to be difficult, and the objects which it offers to observation are said to call for a mental vision more than usually acute. It is allowed that no modern metaphysician has equalled Berkeley in the ability to unite a simple, transparent style, and the easy play of a graceful imagination, with deep and uncommon thoughts; yet the history of his doctrine illustrates the insufficiency of even the best-chosen words for the circulation of metaphysical ideas, as well as the manner in which speculative teaching may be perverted from its original design, when it becomes a watch-word in controversy, or the symbol of a sect. Berkeley is popularly conceived as an impractical dreamer, and a patron of sceptical idealism, who denies the existence of what we see, and hear, and handle. He is supposed to have thus maintained (as Beattie, the Scotch metaphysician, alleges) that to be false which every man must necessarily believe every moment of his life to be true, and that to be true which no man since the foundation of the world was capable of believing for a single moment. Now, the real Berkeley was no idealist at all, i. e. we mean by the word one who lives in a

world of illusory fancies of his own creation, and not in the world of facts which we find around us. His beautiful life was earnest and practical in a very high degree. His theory of life is pervaded by an intense sense of reality, in the forms of the social and the Divine. Separated from the paradoxical language in which it was originally delivered, it may help us when we are struggling with the current intellectual perplexities of our own day, regarding the historical development of natural order, and the relations of human and Divine agency to the natural system. It was a practical philosophy of religion and society that Berkeley meant to teach, and his universe is a *social* universe, supremely regulated by God.

The reader who tries to think the thoughts of Berkeley as they really were, must remember that he was an independent thinker, and not properly the disciple of any philosophical sect. His apparent paradox foreshadows a deep and liberal religious philosophy of physical science and its methods. Its germ appeared in 1709, in the "Theory of Vision," and it reached its full growth in 1744, in the "Philosophical Reflections on Tar Water." His aim in the series which commences with the one and closes with the other of these books, was to lead philosophers back from metaphysical abstractions to *experience*, and at the same time to deepen and enlarge the experience of the unreflecting multitude, by guiding them from the narrow world of *mere* sense to the truer and grander world of sense *looked at in the light of what we find within*. Most metaphysical systems seem to him systems of phrases rather than interpretations of facts. Like Locke, his aim and point of view are human, concrete, and experimental. He makes the objects—or (as he and Locke call them) the *ideas*²

¹ The Theory of Vision Vindicated and Explained. By the Rev. George Berkeley, D.D. Lord Bishop of Cloyne. Edited with annotations by H. V. H. Cowell, Associate of King's College, London. London, 1860.

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² "Idea" is with Locke and Berkeley the genuine name for whatever we are conscious of—whether in sense or imagination, whether fancies or feelings. The known universe of both is limited to their "ideas." Berkeley's theory of matter, as we shall see, is the completion of Locke's book of ideas. Berkeley recognises the marks of reality in one class of

—of which we are conscious his starting point. These he tries to interpret more truly than Locke did, and in so doing ascends from the changing type in Sense, to the archetype in the heights of Divine Science—thus including Locke, and Plato, and, in his last years, the Neo-Platonists themselves, in his comprehensive embrace. But Berkeley, the most subtle thinker of the Lockian era in these islands, did not mean to be an abstract metaphysician. Instead of that, he meant all his life to struggle against abstractions, on behalf of our practical faith in the reality and free agency of his fellow-creatures and of God. He was no visionary dreamer, but the most conspicuous man of his time in doing all human and philanthropic work in a large and generous way—work which he intended his scheme of religious philosophy only to quicken and interpret.

Even the external incidents of Berkeley's life are not to be overlooked by those who try to see the real world in the light in which he saw it. The son of an Irish gentleman, and born in 1684, he entered Trinity College, Dublin, at a time when—through the influence of Molineux, the celebrated friend of Locke,¹ and the father of his own pupil and friend—the "Essay on Human Understanding" was of great authority in the university. The mind of this Dublin

Locke's *ideas*—those given in sense, and is thus able to dispense with Locke's reasonings on behalf of reality. Out of this recognition Berkeley's system naturally grows.

¹ The name of William Molineux of Dublin, (1656—98), is familiar to the students of the works of Locke, as the affectionate and admiring correspondent of the English philosopher, in an interesting series of letters, commenced in 1692, and terminated in 1698, by the death of Molineux, immediately after his return to Dublin from a first visit to Locke in Essex. A study of this "Correspondence" throws light on many passages in the "Essay on Human Understanding." The son of Molineux, afterwards Berkeley's pupil, was in part the subject of it. As another incidental link between Locke and Berkeley, it may be noted by the way that the chief philosophical work of each is dedicated to the same person—the Earl of Pembroke.

student was formed in the opening years of last century, in sympathy with that antagonism to the verbal metaphysics of the schools which was common to Locke and Malebranche, with the steady reference to sense-experience which distinguished Locke, and with the aspirations of Malebranche, and, through Malebranche, of Plato, after those Divine Ideas of the true and the fair, of which the things of sense are dim and distant adumbrations. Before he reached his thirtieth year, he had published the three books that contain the famous theory about the World of Sense which inspired his subsequent intellectual course. Like Des Cartes, Spinoza, and Hume, and in contrast to Locke, Reid, Kant, and Hamilton, the metaphysical "discoveries" of Berkeley were given to the world in early life. Indeed, in his later writings he ceased to discuss the doctrine popularly associated with his name, which he then quietly assumed and employed in his theological philosophy.

What interested him in this so-called paradox, and in fact animated his life as a philosopher, is very distinctly avowed in the Preface (not published in later editions of his works) to his immortal *Dialogues on Matter*. Take the following declarations. His aim, he says, is "to divert the busy mind of man from vain researches . . . to conduct men back from paradoxes to Common Sense, in accordance with the design of nature and Providence—that the end of speculation is practice, and the improvement and regulation of our lives and actions . . . to counteract the pains that have been taken (by metaphysicians) to perplex the plainest things, with the consequent distrust of the senses, the doubts and scruples, the abstractions and refinements, that occur in the very entrance of the sciences . . . to lay down such principles as, by an easy solution of the perplexities of philosophers, together with their own native evidence, may at once recommend themselves for genuine to the mind, and rescue philosophy from the endless pursuits it is engaged in; which, with a plain

"demonstration of the immediate Providence of an All-seeing God, should seem the readiest preparation, as well as the strongest motive, to the study and practice of virtue . . . If the *principles*," he adds, "which I endeavour to propagate are admitted for true, the *consequences* which I think evidently flow from them are, that Atheism and Scepticism will be utterly destroyed, many intricate points made plain, great difficulties solved, several useless parts of science retrenched, speculation referred to practice, and men reduced from paradoxes to Common Sense. And although it may, perhaps, seem an uneasy reflection to some, that, when they have taken a circuit through so many refined and unvulgar notions, they should at last come to think like other men, yet methinks this return to the simple dictates of nature, after having wandered through the wild mazes of philosophy, is not unpleasant. It is like coming home from a long voyage. A man reflects with pleasure on the many difficulties and perplexities he has passed through, sets his heart at ease, and enjoys himself with more satisfaction for the future."

Berkeley's subsequent course of theological and philanthropical activity was the outgoing of the motive which gave birth to his hypothesis about the real world in which he found himself—an hypothesis which he describes as no hypothesis at all, but a "revolt from metaphysical notions, to the plain dictates of nature and of common sense." In the decade of his life (1713-23), which followed the publication of his philosophical manifesto, we find him sometimes in London, the loved associate of Pope and Steele, Arbuthnot and Addison, and much in France and Italy. His three juvenile books carried his name beyond his native country. We have all heard of his interview with Malebranche in Paris, and its tragical catastrophe, which touches the imagination more perhaps than any other incident in modern philosophical biography. His life in Italy and Sicily produced

charming pictures of those classic lands, contained in letters which make the reader regret that fate has deprived us of all but a few. Except a curious tract on Motion, and an economical essay occasioned by the South Sea disaster, this ten years added nothing to literature from Berkeley's pen. In his fortieth year, he was made Dean of Derry, and the chief event of the following decade was the promulgation and attempted execution of a plan for spreading Christian civilization in North America. In 1725, he published a "Scheme for converting the Savage Americans to Christianity, by a College to be erected in the Summer Islands, otherwise called the Isles of Bermuda;" to accomplish which, he spent several years following on the other side of the Atlantic, in self-sacrificing devotion to the greatest missionary idea and enterprise of last century, which could not be realized by an age over which the philanthropic diffusion of good and elevating influences, and the sentiment of universal human brotherhood in Christ, had little power. Baffled in the West, Berkeley returned to Ireland in 1732, to oppose the narrow theories of 'minute philosophers,' by applying the now meliorated philosophy of his youth in the illustration of Christian Theism—to consecrate his office as Bishop of Cloyne, in promoting the prosperity of all sects and classes in his native country, according to the enlightened and original maxims of his 'Querist'—and to indulge the lofty contemplations of his last great philosophical book, which so happily confirms by example its own closing words. "Truth," says Berkeley, in terminating the curious speculative windings of his 'Siris,' "truth is the cry of all, but the game of a few. Certainly, where it is the chief passion, it does not give way to vulgar cares, nor is it contented with a little ardour in the early time of life; active, perhaps, to pursue, but not so fit to weigh and revise. He that would make a real progress in knowledge, must dedicate his age as well as youth, the latter growth as well as the first fruits at

"the altar of Truth." In 1752, his long-cherished love for Oxford induced Berkeley to repose his old age in meditative retirement in the most academic retreat in Europe; which he enjoyed only a few months, leaving his body in the Chapel of Christ Church College, and his name associated with the great English university.

The intensity of Berkeley's social and religious convictions and sympathies is expressed all through his life. No philosopher of that generation so habitually recognised OTHER MINDS, as the real powers which regulate all the changes that appear in sense, and also in the whole natural system of which sensible changes afford us a faint glimpse. A perpetually provident Supreme Spirit, and present human spirits, subordinate to the Supreme, are *his* real world. His world is a living world, uttering an intelligent language—the Divine language of Nature, and the artificial languages of men. This profound recognition of Mind as *the* reality appears in his earliest metaphysical book, published at five-and-twenty—"The Theory of Vision, or Visual Language; "showing the immediate Presence and "Providence of a Deity." To determine what we are immediately conscious of in the act of seeing, is the problem of that book. What is the real thing that is present in visual sense? When we open our now educated eyes, we seem at once to apprehend in sense 'the choir of heaven and furniture of earth.' But when we do so, according to Berkeley, we are not merely 'seeing;' we are also tracing the relations of arbitrary signs. We are, to all intents, interpreting a language. We are reading a book. We *see* only a variegated expanse of colour present in consciousness. It is through experience of the various organic sensations connected with seeing that in infancy we learn by degrees to associate as signs the variations of colour of which we are conscious with the distance, size, and shape of the coloured bodies. The organic sensations are the 'arbitrary signs' of the sizes, shapes,

and distances which they represent. Thus, by means of what we see, we may know and believe a great deal more than can be seen; in the same way as the intelligent reader of the pages of a book, or the intelligent listener to the words of a discourse, is made, by means of 'arbitrary signs,' to understand a great deal more than his senses actually present in sense-consciousness. The *principle* of the divine language of vision and of the artificial languages of men is the same. When certain organic sensations are present to us in vision, we learn, by custom, to associate the meanings—or some of them—which the Supreme Mind has arbitrarily but constantly associated with these sensations. We also learn, by custom, when the spoken or written words of human language are put before us, to interpret the meanings which human beings have arbitrarily but constantly associated with them. The language of vision is a part of that language of God, of which all physical science is an attempted interpretation; Greek, German, and English, are some of the languages of men, which they interpret in their social intercourse.

It is Berkeley's favourite doctrine, that we have in this way, "at least, as "clear, full, and immediate certainty of "the being of the infinitely wise and "powerful Spirit, as of any human soul "whatsoever besides our own;" that, "even as we are convinced of the existence of other human beings by *their* "speaking to us, so we have the very "same evidence of God's personal presence, viz. *His* speaking to us"—in the language of vision, and in every other variety of that natural language which is formed by the constancy of the arbitrary arrangements of nature. "God "Himself," says Berkeley, "speaks every "day, and in every place, to the eyes of "all men. We have as much reason to "think the universal agent, or God, "speaks to our eyes, as we have for "thinking any particular person speaks "to our ears. . . . We can see God with "our fleshly eyes, as plainly as we see "any human person whatsoever, and "He daily speaks to our senses in a

"manifest and clear dialect"—that of natural law or order. This language of God is equivalent to "a constant creation, betokening an immediate and perpetual act of power and providence. . . . It is true," he adds, "that only things that rarely or irregularly happen strike vulgar minds, whereas frequency and custom lessen the admiration of things. Hence, a common man, who is not used to think or make reflections, would probably be more convinced of the being of God by a single sentence (in human language) once heard from the sky, than by all the experience he has had of this visual language, contrived with such exquisite skill, so constantly addressed to the eyes, and so plainly declaring the nearness, wisdom, and providence of Him with whom we have to do."

Is not, we may here ask, the essence of practical Theism fully realized through this faith in the presence always and everywhere of the signs of mind and moral order? Is not religion a pure and loving communion with God and men, which no more than secular life requires a solution of unsearchable speculative mysteries? We can eat and drink and subdue the material world for the purposes of daily life, while we are ignorant of the metaphysical origin and essence of the bread we eat or the machine we employ; and in like speculative ignorance regarding the past and future of this world of sense, we may surely maintain purity of heart and religious intercourse with the Supreme Mind, that is symbolised by its constant order. If this be so, may we not further ask, why men disturb themselves in theology by vexed scientific questions about the creation and historical development of that material world, which, for all that reason can determine, may be a language in which the Supreme is eternally revealing Himself? Our faith as Theists is not dependent on our speculations regarding the Eternity of Matter, or on our discoveries regarding the laws of the orderly historical development in time of those things of sense of which Providence is the soul. The present practical

significance of this and every other Revelation of Supreme Intelligence, rather than the date at which the Revelation commences, or the question whether it had any commencement at all, is surely the proper object of inquiry to the pious mind, enlightened by meditation. That mind is ready to consign to science all questions of evolution or development—how long a natural language has been issuing from the depths of Being, and whether it has always been uttered in the same form of speech. Perpetual moral *Providence* in the material system, and not the absolute *creation* of matter, is the object of religious faith. The speculations of Berkeley which commence with the language of vision, and close in "Siris," in a spirit of philosophical tolerance for ancient Theism, with its *anima mundi*, perhaps suggest this issue. But it was only dimly discerned by Berkeley himself, whose most celebrated speculation was meant to relieve his favourite conclusion of a perpetually pervading Providence in the universe from an embarrassment in its premises, which he attributes to men whose experience of the facts of sense was clouded by their own abstract speculations.

The simple faith of men is, in Berkeley's eye, perverted by abstractions about Substance and Cause, very unlike the matter-of-fact substances and causes that we encounter in our daily experience. Phantoms of an Unconditioned then as now carried men of a speculative mind away from significant facts to insignificant words. Berkeley saw the illiterate mass of mankind, that walk the high-road of plain common sense, and are governed by the dictates of nature, for the most part easy and undisturbed. To them nothing that is familiar is unaccountable or difficult to comprehend. They complain of no want of evidence in the senses, and are out of all danger of becoming sceptics. But no sooner do we depart from sense and instinct, to reason, meditate, or reflect upon the nature of things, than a thousand scruples spring up in our minds concerning matters

which before we seemed fully to comprehend. In order to 'satisfy our convictions of reality,' metaphysicians must retrace their steps, and, abandoning their manufacture of artificial abstractions, try to read their human experience of this strange universe in all its fullness, and to interpret it exactly as it offers itself.

Berkeley saw one huge abstraction—the Unconditioned of those days—interposed by metaphysicians between himself and the real world of living intelligences, human and Divine, with which we have intercourse through the signs given to us in sense. With the metaphysicians this huge abstraction had become the one real thing, and the scepticism of the age was nourished by their difficulty in finding reasons to vindicate a belief in its existence. What was this metaphysical phantom? It was the world of sense or matter, *as defined by metaphysicians*, which they put in place of the real world of sense, *as it is actually presented in experience*. A definition that does not tally with facts here gratuitously involves us in a thousand perplexities. Locke and the philosophers took for granted that *what we are conscious of in sense* is not at all the real thing. They told men that they could be conscious in sense of an idea or resemblance only of the real thing, which itself exists *behind* its merely ideal representation in the consciousness.¹ Of the very reality we could never be conscious at all. A world of merely ideal representations is, they said, all we can be conscious of when we see, and hear, and handle. Nothing that is real can ever be an object of sense-experience. By dint of reasoning they tried to work their way to a reasonable belief in the reality which lies behind what we see, and hear, and handle; but all the reasoning that was offered seemed not enough for the purpose. Thus our early faith in God and in other minds began to languish. Instead of inter-

preting words (in the languages of God and men) already given in sense, they had to hunt beyond sense for the very words themselves, if in sense no words can ever be presented to us. "This," says "Berkeley, "is the very root of scepticism; for so long as men think that "Real Things subsist without the mind, "and that their knowledge is only so "far forth real as it is *conformable* to "Real Things, they cannot be certain "that they have any knowledge at all. "For how can it be *known* that the things "which are perceived are conformable to "those that are not perceived or exist "without the mind?" We can test, in short, the representations of imagination by the presentations of sense. But if sense itself is essentially representative, how can we verify *its* representations?

On this metaphysical assumption of a double object in sense-experience, human consciousness can never be face to face with any real outward object. Let *something* real, something from which science may start on its course of interpreting natural signs, be only given to us, and then, by interpretation (*natura interpretatio*), we can work our way to a reasonable belief in the existence—past, present, and future—of many other objects which never come within our conscious experience. But how can we extend the victories of science, or even maintain our elementary convictions, if we must *begin* by taking for granted that no real facts at all ever pass through our sense-consciousness? Why not boldly deny that there is a double object in sense? Let us at least try whether our life on this planet does not become more simple and intelligible to us, and our belief in surrounding moral agents more deep and enlightened, on the common-sense recognition of only a *single* object—on a return, in short, to Facts, from verbal reasonings and metaphysical theories which have darkened them.

This was, in spirit, the suggestion of two philosophers of the eighteenth century, whose names are not commonly associated as harmonious fellow-labourers. These are Berkeley, the common-

¹ Locke, for example, reiterates the dogma that our ideas of the *primary* qualities of matter are *resemblances* of these qualities.

sense metaphysician of Ireland, and Reid, the common-sense metaphysician of Scotland. Reid says that in early life he embraced Berkeley's theory of matter. It may be doubted whether he did not (unconsciously) continue in this faith to the last.

Berkeley, and those who are sometimes called the Scotch metaphysicians are agreed in the abolition of the Mediate Realism which puts a real object *behind* the ideal object supposed to be given in sense. They both virtually say, 'Why not let go *one* of the two counterpart objective worlds, and accept the one which remains as the real thing, which we then meet face to face in our sense-experience?' Both seek by this means to restore the languishing faith of philosophers in that which is beyond sense. Both have thus helped to inaugurate a new conception of the nature of my sense-given medium of intercourse with minds external to my own.

But, while Berkeley and the Scotch metaphysicians discard the dogma that the real world is *behind* the only world of which we are conscious in sense—the dogma of two correlative worlds, an external and real, and an internal or ideal and representative—they differ (or seem to differ) as to which of them is to be put aside. Berkeley sweeps away, as an inconsistent or unintelligible abstraction, the supposed unthinking or archetypal world behind, and finds the material reality in *our very sense-ideas themselves*. By interpreting phenomena in the system of our sense-ideas—whose orderly and significant changes reveal, like the handwriting on the wall, the existence and activity of other minds than ours—we become *en rapport* with these other minds. We are able, as it were, to look into *other conscious experience than our own*—like our own more or less, and yet not ours; but we cannot look into, or even imagine that which is given in sense, when withdrawn from all sense-consciousness. Our sense-ideas which thus appear and disappear—obviously under the regulation of other minds than our own, as we may reasonably infer from the *manner* of their appearance and disappearance—are

broadly distinguished from the mere fancies which are formed and controlled by the minds in which they appear. The ideas of sense are more strong and lively than those of imagination. They are not excited at random, but in a regular train or series, the admirable connexion of which attests the wisdom of its author.¹ Our sense-ideas are our material world, and the rules according to which *they* are excited in us are the laws of nature. The existence of *this* matter cannot be denied. Its very *esse* is *percipi*. It is the only material world which common-sense demands. A supplementary real world *behind* the Things or Real Ideas which we experience in sense is a baseless hypothesis—a mere crotchet of the professional manufacturers of abstractions, which unsophisticated human beings would laugh at, if they could only be got to discern its meaning, or rather its want of meaning. Such is the spirit of the immediate realism of Berkeley.

Turn now from Berkeley to those Scotch metaphysicians who are said to be at the opposite intellectual pole. The Irish and the Scotch philosophers of Common-sense agree in recognising that

¹ Berkeley put frequent stress on the difference as experienced by us between the real ideas of sense and those ideas that are excited in the imagination. These last, he adds, "are more properly termed ideas or images," i.e. of the things (sense-ideas) "which they copy and represent." See "Principles of Human Knowledge," XXIX.—XXXIII &c. In this connexion the reader may refer to a tract by Berkeley's great contemporary Leibnitz: "De Modo Distinguendi Phenomena Realia ab Imaginariis," in which Leibnitz describes marks peculiar to the "well ordered dream" of real life, as distinguished from dreams commonly so called. Take the following extracts:—"Potissimum realitatis phenomenorum indicium, quod vel solum sufficit, est successus prædicendi phenomena futura ex præteritis et præsentibus Ino etai tota hæc vita non nisi somnium, et mundus adspectabilis non nisi phantasma esse diceretur, hoc, sive somnium sive phantasma, satis reale diceren, si ratione bene utentes nunquam ab eo deciperemur Nec quicquam prohibet somnia quedam bene ordinata menti nostræ obiecta esse, quæ a nobis vera judicentur, et ob consensum inter se quoad usum veris equivalent Quid vero si tota hæc brevis vita non nisi longum quoddam somnium esset nosque moriendo evigilaremus?"

of which we are conscious in sense as the real thing. But they differ in the account they give of *what that is*. Berkeley would arrest scepticism about all beyond sense, by surrendering as a nonentity the supposed *unthinking* world behind our sense-ideas, to which the predicate "real" had been exclusively applied, and by energetically vindicating the applicability of the terms "real," "thing," "matter," &c. to our sense-ideas themselves. The Scotch metaphysicians take the other alternative, and with a like motive. Instead of surrendering the unconscious world supposed by the philosophers to lie behind our ideas of sense, they surrender the ideas of sense themselves, and sturdily assert that in sense we are conscious of a world that is independent of all ideas and of every conscious act. Both rest our only faith of vital interest—that namely in OTHER MINDS human and Divine—on the assumption that in sense we are conscious of something that is real. If external objects are perceived immediately, we have, according to Reid, the same reason to believe in *their* existence that philosophers have to believe the existence of (sense) ideas. But sense-ideas themselves, Berkeley would say, are real, and no other sort of *external* reality than that of *minds* is needed; or can even be imagined by us.

Thus, in this nineteenth century, the state of this ancient question is changed. Abandoning *a priori* theories and reasonings about what is beyond our sense-experience, we are invited to read the facts of that very experience itself in a reflective manner. We have not to hunt up evidence that there is a real world *behind* phantoms of which we are conscious. We are asked to accept as the reality, *those of the supposed phantoms which appear in sense*—consciousness itself. The very phenomena therein given—call them "ideas," or "things," as we please, and assume that they are, or are not, dependent on mind—are real enough to connect us with a system of universal order, and with other minds. This orderly system of sense-appearances we are invited, as we can, to interpret; and physical science, in responding to the

invitation, finds that each real appearance is virtually a sign of other real appearances, past, distant, and to come, and thus a revelation of the Mind with which they are collectively charged. The problem of human intellect, in its relations to the world of sense, is, to *interpret the meaning* of the sense-given world, and not to *vindicate the existence* of what is already given in fact. The more concrete students of nature try to unravel its subordinate laws, and thus discoveries are accumulated in the physical sciences. The more speculative minds try to determine the most general proposition in which sense-presented reality may be defined as a whole. They ask whether this "matter"—these solid, extended, coloured, and odoriferous sense-appearances—is merely a collection of objects that appear and reappear in the system of nature only when *I* am conscious of them. Are they thus only ideas—real or sense ideas, it is true, but still ideas, inasmuch as their very essence consists in our being conscious of them? Are they, on the other hand, more than one order of my ideas? Are they phenomena—in themselves quite independent of my mind, and of all minds, human and Divine—which are maintained in dependence on an *unthinking* substance or cause?

Berkeley and the Scotch metaphysicians seem to differ in their answers to these questions. Their difference may be resolved into a dispute about the metaphysical meaning of the words "matter" and "sense-idea." Are the phenomena which are presented in sense, and by means of which I enlarge in physical science my knowledge of the Supreme Mind, and hold intercourse with other minds—are these merely phenomena *in me*, although evoked and regulated by other minds; or are they things *independent of me*, yet still ultimately regulated by other minds? Berkeley *assumes* that "perceived by me" implies "existence in me," or, existence in the form of a mere mode of my consciousness, and accordingly he concludes that every sense-*phenomenon* is a sense-*idea*. Reid *assumes* the independent existence, in an unthinking Substance, of what I

see, hear, or handle, and of the Natural System which the immediate objects of perception enable me imperfectly and tentatively to interpret. Are we not more faithful to experience when we abandon *both* assumptions, and accept MATTER as the otherwise unknown system of phenomena or appearances, through whose orderly changes we are able to have intellectual intercourse with other human minds, and with that Supreme Mind of whose mysterious existence these phenomena are a finite and partially intelligible expression?

In the Real World of Berkeley, each man's own consciousness is the type of the only *sort* of world that is external to him. Other minds, with their respective sense-ideas and interpretations of the same, their actions, their feelings, and their fancies, are his outward world. He finds, experimentally, that he does not himself regulate the order of his own sense-ideas; and he may reasonably infer that he is not their original archetype, nor their only type. Other finite minds supply other and similar types, and the Divine Mind is the One Archetype of all. The social realism of Berkeley is at the opposite pole from the ideal egoism of Fichte, with which, though only nominally connected, it is commonly identified in principle, and distinguished from it only in as far as the German is regarded as the more consequential reasoner. Berkeley never abandons those principles of common-sense and probability, through which the mass of mankind recognise other minds, in the many orderly trains of sense-appearances that indicate the voluntary movements of human beings like ourselves, and discern the Supreme Mind in that universal order of the ideas of sense which endows us with 'a sort of foresight.' The material world of Berkeley is produced *in each man* by a constant Divine action; which is to say, in other words, that sense-ideas are so and in such order produced in each, as that each may, on every ground of common-sense, infer, that certain sense-ideas are to follow, or that certain others have already happened, or that other conscious agents like ourselves are thinking and

acting and feeling in a particular way. These "inferences" constitute every man's physical and social knowledge. Each separate intellect, with its individual *line* of conscious experience, is a *microcosm*, made up of the interpretations which it puts upon the appearances given to it in sense by God the Supreme Intelligence, according to His arbitrary natural laws; and these, as we find, are more or less modified or interfered with in their application by the free actions of human agents like ourselves. The universe of matter is, to each mind, its own interpretation of its own sense-appearances.

But is this constant fermentation of sensations, or sense ideas in created minds, with the consequent intellectual fermentation induced in each, as each tries, with more or less success, to interpret their meaning—is this infinity of microcosms the *only* cosmos? Does it exhaust all that we mean when we speak about the universe of matter? Does it satisfy, for example, the glories of present and possible disclosures in geology or astronomy? Is the solar system, as now disclosed to modern science, only an advance made by the modern astronomer in the interpretation of certain ideas which appear in the sense-consciousness of men? Does it appear and disappear with the appearance and disappearance of astronomers? Is the material world annihilated and recreated, as there are created minds having experience or not having experience of sense-ideas? Is there no "sense-ideal" *permanence*, that is independent of the fluctuations and imperfection of finite minds? Is there no Macrocosm by which these millions of microcosms may be measured—no supreme and archetypal system of ideas, to which men's highest and most successful attempts to interpret scientifically and practically their respective sense-consciousnesses are at least a distant approximation?

It is here that Berkeley passes from Lockianism to Platonism, connecting the human or empirical ideas of Locke with the Divine or Eternal Ideas of Plato. All his works teem with allusions to an Archetype, of which the

sensible ideas of finite minds, and the intelligible ideas grounded upon them, are only an imperfect type. But that Archetype is not *unthinking substance behind sense*, to which we have nothing corresponding in our intelligent experience. It is the *very thoughts of the Supreme Mind*, to which we may infer from the "ideas" manifested in the order of nature, that our mental experience is more or less in analogy. When we interpret the material world in accordance with the laws of nature, and thus succeed in extracting from its apparent chaos the cosmos of human science, we may describe ourselves as so far virtually thinking the thoughts of God. The Divine Ideas expressed in the laws of nature are, through our physical discoveries, becoming, in the form of similar ideas in ourselves, a part of the experience of man. Every Scientific discovery puts us more in sympathy with the divine meaning. The *method* of discovery, indeed, raises a deep question. How are finite minds, on the occasion of their sense-ideas, to be brought into intellectual harmony with the Supreme Mind? How may our physical science be conformed to His? How may our microcosms be rendered more macrocosmic? Is it merely by adding to the number and variety of their sense-ideas—by increasing the *amount* of their experience of objects that are always changing? or may we, on the other hand, assume a latent intellectual sympathy between the created and the Uncreated mind, which is to be elicited in the former through reflective intercourse with the things of sense? Is scientific discovery the development in a finite mind of elements of Divine Reason common to all mind; or is it only a tentative guess, confirmed by a fragmentary experience, of what in that case can be only a *probable* community of meaning between the human discoverer and the Supreme Author or Thinker of that which is thus only tentatively discovered?

These deep questions underlie our philosophical speculations about the methods by which sense-appearances are to be *interpreted*. They go to form the

problem of any 'philosophy of the physical sciences.' It can hardly be said that Berkeley has raised them, although they are immediately suggested by many of the contemplations, especially of his old age. These present his Theological Theory of Matter as a link in the chain of that modern theory of scientific method, and of the nature of physical causation, which commenced with Bacon, and which, not excluding Malebranche, has engaged, among others, Hobbes, Glanvill, Locke, Hume, Leibnitz, Brown, Comte, Mill, and Whewell. That the changes in nature are, as revealed to us at least, only arbitrarily related to one another—as the sign with the thing signified—is common to them all. They are agreed that we can interpret nature only as a system of arbitrary signs, and that we cannot produce a demonstrative science of natural changes. And if, with Berkeley, we see in universal nature only the operation of free intelligence, the difference between the changes which are due merely to natural law and the changes which we attribute immediately to the agency of men, is not a difference between necessity and free-will, but between the signs of perfect and imperfect mind. The events of human history and biography are less capable of prediction than those of natural science, because they are the product of a less steady and reasonable will. We can predict neither changes in matter nor changes in men with perfect insight, because we have only an imperfect comprehension of the minds on which they respectively depend. Matter itself exists eternally in the Divine mind. It is constantly created, after a fixed order of plan, in those sense-ideas of men, which are the occasions of the physical sciences in which man endeavours to realize those Thoughts of God that are themselves the Eternal material archetype. The antagonism of Faith and Science disappears, as each deepening insight into natural law is felt to bring our thoughts into nearer harmony to those Divine Thoughts of which our otherwise strange surroundings in this world of sense are found to be the expression.

VINCENZO; OR, SUNKEN ROCKS.

BY JOHN RUFFINI, AUTHOR OF "LORENZO BENONI," "DOCTOR ANTONIO," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DAY AFTER A FROLIC.

VINCENZO awoke late next morning, in a lamentable condition of body and mind; giddy, sick, aching from head to foot, and thoroughly disgusted with himself. He sat upon his bed, took his poor throbbing temples between his hands, and tried to recollect. Bastian and the prefetto were the only images which came out clear and distinct from the nightmare of the last night. That he had misbehaved to both, he had not a shadow of a doubt; but he had no clue by which to discover in what manner, or to what extent. All the rest, from the eclipse of the prefetto, down to the present moment, was a pell-mell of indistinct scraps, of which he might have only dreamt, for aught he could tell; and as to the part he had possibly played in this misty interlude, if not a dream, it was a perfect blank.

One thing alone was certain—that he had shamefully disgraced himself. What would the Signor Avvocato say, when his godson's misdeeds came to his ears? What would Miss Rose... and the purse! Oh, heavens!! The recollection of the purse, forgotten to that moment, went like a shot through his heart and brain. Lost past hope of recovery. It was just what he deserved—he was not worthy of it, or of any kindness from such an angel as Miss Rose.

The small room, or, rather, closet, in which he had passed the night, was stiflingly hot and close. He got up and opened the only window. A bit of glass hung beside the window. He looked into it, and started. What a hideous face he saw! All the lower part of it besmeared with the burnt cork, which had given him a moustache and chin-

tuft. A jug and basin were on the table, but not a drop of water in either. He looked for some signs of a bell—there was none. No other resource for him but to open the door and call; which he did, after flinging on his cassock.

His summons was answered immediately, by the same man who had waited at dinner the day before.

"How do you feel this morning, sir?" asked the waiter, without the least attempt to hide the smile called up on his broad countenance by the rueful figure before him.

"Like one who has made an ass of himself overnight," answered the penitent lad.

"A little headache, probably? A strong cup of coffee will remove that in no time."

"First of all," said Vincenzo, "I want plenty of water, so that I may wash myself. And, if I could also have some soap to get rid of these stains on my face, I should be obliged to you."

The waiter promised he should have what he required, and soon returned with a large jug of water and a fine new cake of soap. Vincenzo eyed the soap with some perplexity, and said—

"I am afraid that soap won't do for me, my friend; for, truth to say, I have not a farthing of money. Can't you give me some old common bit?"

"You may use this all the same," said the obliging waiter. "First of all, the soap belongs to me, and you are welcome to it; and then, the Marchesino left orders that you were to have whatever you asked for, and he would pay all expenses. When you are ready for your coffee, be so good as to call Battista."

Vincenzo was touched by Del Palmetto's thoughtfulness—more touched than he would have deemed himself

capable of being by any attention from such a quarter. But, indeed, Del Palmetto's behaviour to him, as far as he could remember the events of the preceding day, had left on Vincenzo's mind an impression altogether to the credit of his late foe.

The waiter's double declaration having now removed all his scruples about the soap, he used it unsparingly in his ablutions; and, having put as much order as he could into his attire, he called for Battista, who presently brought him the promised coffee.

"Has any one come for me from the seminary?" asked Vincenzo.

"Not that I know of," replied the waiter. An answer which confirmed Vincenzo in his preconception, that his sins must be so entirely past forgiveness in that quarter, that the sinner himself was deemed unworthy of any notice. This issue had nothing very appalling in it to one who had yearned after it with all his soul for the last two months.

"No; nobody has called save the Marchesino," went on Battista. "He has been here twice, but you were asleep both times; and he would not allow you to be disturbed. He said he might call again, but he could not be sure, as he had much to do, in consequence of the regiment having received orders to leave the town before noon."

"And what o'clock is it now?" inquired the lad, swallowing his coffee.

"Half-past eight."

"And what time was it when... I went to bed last night?"

"It was still daylight," said Battista; "a little past eight, perhaps."

"I was very unruly downstairs, was I not?"

"Not so very bad; rather funny, and a little noisy, to be sure; but your friends were not far behind you, I can tell you."

"If I recollect right," said Vincenzo, "there was some music after dinner."

"Yes, a fellow with his organ came and played in the court, and you took a fancy to dance, and so did the other three. The Signor Marchesino—oh! he is a merry gentleman—went and fetched Margaret, the cook, and oh! dear,

it was as good as a play to see you, in the Marchesino's uniform, whirling her round and round like a top." The scene must have been dull enough in reality, for Battista burst into a laugh at the mere recollection.

"Were there many people looking on?" asked Vincenzo, with a long face.

"Many people!" repeated Battista. "Bless you, the yard was as full as it could hold;" then, noticing the deep blush on his listener's face, Battista's eloquence of description came to a full stop; and he added, good-naturedly, "there's no disgrace, you know, in taking a glass too much once or so in a man's life. Such a thing may happen to the best of us."

Vincenzo, left to himself, had an intense longing to go out and inhale a little fresh pure air; that which came in from the courtyard was neither fresh nor pure; on the other hand, he was afraid of missing Del Palmetto's possible visit, and with it all chance of recovering the purse. In this state of perplexity he mechanically took up the two new rolls, which the waiter had brought with his coffee, and had had the delicacy to leave behind; and, as he was thrusting them into the pocket of his cassock, he felt an obstruction, which had not been there the day before: he turned the pocket inside out, and lo! what should appear but the purse which he had been so anxiously pursuing?

The lad cut a caper of childlike delight, kissed the treasure; then, wrapping it carefully in the piece of paper in which it had already been enveloped, he hid it in the deepest corner of the pocket of his cassock, wondering all the while how it had come there. Had the Marchesino willingly returned it? Vincenzo, in thinking so, judged that young man too generously. The fact admitted of a more common-place explanation. At the time Del Palmetto exchanged clothes with the seminarist, he still possessed recollection enough to take the disputed article out of his uniform pocket, and transfer it to that of the cassock he assumed; but later—that is, when he took back his coat, and re-

stored the black robe to Vincenzo—Del Palmetto had left the clearness of his memory at the bottom of many succeeding bumpers, and so the purse remained in the cassock-pocket. Vincenzo had proved more lucky than wise.

Feeling now almost elated, and with no further reason to wait for Federico, our lad sallied forth into the street ; and, keeping as close to the houses as possible, took the shortest way out of the town ; that is, went out of it at the end opposite to that by which he had come. Leaving Ibella behind him, he followed the main road for a little ; then struck to the left, into a well-known meadow, and stretched himself at full length on the thick soft grass, under the shade of some wide-spreading walnut trees. It was happiness to breathe the pure air, to feel the cool grass beneath him, and to look at the blue canopy of heaven above. It seemed as though the immensity of the azure dome reduced his troubles to very small proportions. He tried hard to think and deliberate upon some course of action ; but he was not equal to any mental exertion, he felt too lazy ; all that he could do, was to enjoy the agreeable sensation of physical well-being which stole over him.

After a time, this sweet heaviness resolved itself into a sound sleep, from which he was suddenly startled by a blast of trumpets, accompanied by an outburst of loud shouts. It was the squadron of Del Palmetto's regiment leaving Ibella, amid the hurrahs of a considerable portion of the population, cheering and fraternizing with the soldiers. Vincenzo would fain have joined in the cheers and the good wishes, at least said farewell to Del Palmetto, but the crowd deterred him. In his present circumstances, he knew that the safest course for him was to avoid attracting notice. He enscenced himself behind the large trunk of one of the trees ; and, from that hiding-place, saw the whole troop defile, Del Palmetto on his beautiful Moretto, his big sword drawn. Lucky Del Palmetto ! How Vincenzo envied him ! What would he not have given to be in the Marchesino's place, at

least to be one of those brave fellows going to the war.

When the last of them had passed, the youth resumed his horizontal position on the grass ; and, following up the new train of thought called up by the sight of the soldiers, he asked himself, why he should not enlist also, and fight for his country ? Why not, in fact ? Enlisting and going to the seat of war had been the *dénouement* of all those schemes for liberty he had been weaving during these two last months. But how was he to enlist ? to whom apply ? these were practical difficulties which could only be solved, if solved at all, by application to such acquaintances as he had in the town—the obliging waiter, for instance—but, at that moment, such a step was impossible. After the little enviable notoriety he had acquired, to parade the streets of Ibella, in broad day, in search of such information, was out of the question. He had, indeed, already made up his mind, should he be driven to the dire extremity of returning to the palace, not to traverse the town until he could do so unseen—that is, after dark.

Like many another older and wiser person, Vincenzo's cogitations ended with a resolution to trust to the chapter of accidents. Some one might pass—a military man, for instance—with the look of one able to give the information required, and from whom Vincenzo would feel inclined to ask it. While thus keeping watch for such an individual, Vincenzo drew forth one of the fresh rolls he had pocketed, and munched it leisurely. It was the hottest hour of the day, and passers-by were rare—a labourer now and then, or an artisan going to his work ; a tardy market-woman, trudging behind her donkey ; or dusty muleteers driving a string of dusty mules.

As the shades of the trees began to lengthen, the townsfolk who had accompanied the troopers began to return ; and, for a whole hour there was plenty of movement, and of dust in clouds, on the highway. They were all people belonging to Ibella, whom Vincenzo had best

let alone. Later, and later still, when the sun's rays struck the road aslant, some pertinacious promenader from the town ventured as far as the meadow in which our skulker lay—an old lady with her maid, a paterfamilias and his sons, a couple of priests, a merry set of young men—none with a face in which Vincenzo could descry any knowledge of military matters.

Two uniforms at last loomed in the distance. The seminarist's heart gave a great thump—two sergeants, arm in arm, by Jove ! They came up opposite to the lad's hiding-place, stood there a moment, as if undecided whether to go on or not, and then turned back. Vincenzo sprang up, and was about to cross the meadow, when he spied dangers ahead, and had to squat down in a hurry. Three priests—one known to him but too well, and to whom he was known but too well, the prefetto of last night—were sailing down the road, cutting him off from the sergeants. Crouching on all fours behind a tree, he had the pleasure of watching the soldiers gradually dwindle down to mere specks in the distance.

He had probably lost his last chance. Vincenzo's heart began to misgive him, that he should be obliged after all to swallow the bitter pill of taking refuge at the palace, and becoming the laughing-stock of all Rumelli. To be an object of ridicule to one's acquaintances is a heavy punishment at any age, particularly so to a boy ; but Vincenzo, to do him justice, quailed less at the thought of his own humiliation than at the idea of the Signor Avvocato's anger, and Miss Rose's disgust and displeasure. Little exhilarating as was the prospect, it did not prevent his feeling hungry, or eating his last roll ; after which he set himself to wait patiently for the now not very distant moment when twilight would make it easy for him to steal into Ibella unnoticed, and ask a word of advice from Battista as to enlisting. Should that hope fail him, then there would be nothing left for him to do but turn his steps towards Rumelli.

Presently the tramp of a horse, and the sound of a deep bass voice singing a

popular air, attracted his attention ; and, looking in the direction of the highway, he saw a man on a tall horse, riding leisurely along. The song, no other than the, at that time hackneyed, hymn of Pio Nono, augured well for the inquiry Vincenzo was meditating. He accordingly crawled to the side of the road to get a closer view of the horseman, that he might judge whether the singer's physiognomy kept the promise held forth by the choice of the song. There was not much that was prepossessing in the little that could be seen of the rider's looks : a hawk nose, and a pair of hungry grey eyes, being the only features that emerged from the wilderness of black hair, and double-pointed beard, in which his face was framed. His appearance, indeed, vividly recalled to Vincenzo those similitudes of brigands, which he had seen doing duty at the entrance of waxwork exhibitions : they were not a whit more forbidding than the man before him. The Calabrese hat, encircled by a broad green band, in which was stuck a plume of cock's feathers, finished the resemblance. To complete the stage effect of the costume, a large red cross was embroidered on the left breast of the short military tunic he wore ; and a long cavalry sword dangled from a white leather belt buckled round his waist.

The red cross was encouraging. Vincenzo had heard that the volunteers in the present holy war of independence had adopted that sign in imitation of the crusaders of old. The red cross outweighed the ill-favoured countenance—and, therefore, ere the rider passed, the lad stood up, and, raising his three-cornered hat most respectfully, said, " Good evening, sir ; will you allow me to ask you a question ? "

The horseman halted, surveyed the speaker, then answered, " Certainly, my young reverend ; put as many queries as you like. Pray, what may it be you wish to know ? "

" Can you tell me what it is necessary to do, in order to enlist for a soldier ? "

" Enlist ! " repeated the horseman, in

surprise ; "is it for yourself, or for some friend, that you want the information?"

"For myself," replied Vincenzo.

"Where do you come from?" asked the stranger.

"From the . . . from a seminary," stammered Vincenzo.

"Oh! oh! I see how it is," said the rider, dismounting, and leading his horse to the edge of the road, that it might have the benefit of some mouthfuls of grass during the colloquy. Vincenzo stared in amazement at the tall, long-legged, lanky figure striding towards him: the very figure of a Don Quixote—but Vincenzo had never read Cervantes.

"I see how it is," repeated the man, sitting down, and looking his young interlocutor full in the face; "you are a victim of the Jesuits."

"Indeed, I am not," protested the youth.

"No use denying it; I read it in your eyes," insisted the other. "They tell me that you are an innocent boy driven to desperation by that wily sect, but who won't admit it, so great is the terror they have managed to inspire him with. I know their ways; but never fear; the reign of the Jesuits is over. Pio Nono and Colonel Roganti are too many for them. Surely, you have heard of Colonel Roganti, haven't you?"

Vincenzo confessed in all humility that he had never heard of Colonel Roganti.

"Is it possible?" cried he of the double-pointed beard; "never heard of the man who has filled the world with his name, who has fought Austria and the Jesuits all his life long? Then, what do they teach you in your seminary?"

"They don't teach modern history there," pleaded the youth.

"I thought so; just like them," sneered the colonel. "Well, I am the man," (with a great thump on his chest,) "I have already got together six thousand picked men at Novara, my head-quarters; I want six thousand more before I begin operations; and, to find them, I ride about rousing the country, preaching the holy war, enlisting, recruiting, playing the very devil. You are a lucky dog to

have met me; that you are. I have just the very thing for you—a vacant chaplaincy in one of my regiments."

"Thank you very much," said the lad, overflowing with gratitude, "but I am no priest; I have only got the minor orders."

"What does that matter?" said the colonel; "you have got the tonsure and the cassock; that is enough and to spare."

"But I can't say mass; I can't confess, or preach; I can't do one of the things that a chaplain is expected to do. Let me be a soldier, will you?"

"Be it so, then," assented the colonel, whose sense of fun was so greatly tickled by the naive earnestness of the youth that he had much ado not to laugh.

"Which shall it be—infantry or cavalry?"

Vincenzo meditated for an instant; then modestly said, "Infantry."

"Very well—now let me give you a word of caution. A soldier, understand, has no will of his own—passive obedience is his motto, blindly to do what he is bidden, his duty. For instance, suppose you see me act, or hear me speak, in a way that may seem questionable; well, your duty is to hold your tongue, and take it for granted that all I do or say is for the good of the country. Otherwise, farewell discipline; and, this being a time of war, discipline must be strictly enforced. It would cost me a pang to have you put in irons or shot; but I would have it done, if necessary, for the sake of discipline. I am for fair play, and so I warn you."

"Thank you," said Vincenzo, full of a deep, almost solemn emotion; "I may sin through ignorance, but not from want of good-will. I know that the first duty of a soldier is self-abnegation, and I am determined to do my duty to the best of my power. Indeed, my wish will be to give you every satisfaction, sir."

"Sensibly and honourably spoken," observed the colonel; "now then, nothing more remains to be settled between us than that you give me your hand, and repeat after me the form of your

engagement. I . . . your name and age, if you please ! ”

“ Vincenzo Candia, aged seventeen,” prompted the youth, adding, “ Perhaps I ought to make known to you that I have no money.”

“ Never mind the money,” said the colonel ; “ we shall find plenty at headquarters. Now, repeat carefully after me—I, Vincenzo Candia, seventeen years old, engage myself, of my free will, to serve as a soldier all through the present campaign, under the orders of his Excellency Colonel Roganti.” Vincenzo repeated this formula word for word. There, you are enlisted, and now *en route*,” said the great man, rising and throwing his long legs across his Rosinante. “ We shall not go far this evening, and a morsel to eat and a bed wait for us at the first resting-place.” Vincenzo was quite ready to proceed, and followed his new commander in silence.

CHAPTER VII.

BEGINNING OF THE EXPERIENCES OF A RAW RECRUIT.

THE day was on the wane, and in another half hour it would be dark enough to shelter Vincenzo from observation. After all, he cared little now whom he might meet ; he was in the service of H. Majesty, and under the protection of one who would not allow him to be molested. In his candour and inexperience, the imaginative boy had no more doubt of the reality of his enlistment than if King C. Albert had enlisted him in person. And, had any one come and told him at that moment that the man whose every word he had listened to, and believed to be true as Gospel writ, was no colonel, but a quack and a cheat, bent on drawing capital from the boy's honest face, and evident respectability, the odds are that Vincenzo would have laughed to scorn accuser and accusation, and acquired new faith in the charlatan.

Vincenzo felt and looked grave, as a conscientious youth well may, and ought to do, who has taken the first import-

ant, nay, decisive step, in life, and is fully alive to its responsibilities. His thoughts dwelt long and fondly on the inmates of the palace. Perhaps he should never look on their faces again—a knot formed in his throat at such a possibility—perhaps he was destined before long to fall in battle ! Well, let it be so ; they should have no cause at least to be ashamed of him. In the meantime, he must not leave them any longer in the dark as to his present fate : he was sure they must feel uneasy about him—Miss Rose in particular, aware as she was of the errand on which he had gone to Ibella. He would write the first opportunity that offered—beg them to forgive him, tell every thing, not forgetting to say that he had found the purse, and had it safe in his pocket ; that would please Miss Rose—and, as he walked, he began mentally to indite his epistle.

“ Vincenzo,” called the horseman.

“ Sir,” replied the youth, as if awakening.

“ Now that you are a soldier, and that I am your colonel, you must address me by the title of my military rank.”

“ Yes, colonel,” said the recruit.

“ What are you thinking of ? ” resumed the elder.

“ Of many things,” answered Vincenzo, in some embarrassment.

“ Of home, perhaps ! ”

“ Yes, sir . . . colonel, I mean ; at least, if not exactly of home—for I am an orphan, and have no home—of that which stands me in lieu of one.”

“ A disheartening subject for a soldier to dwell upon,” remarked the colonel ; “ but, if you cannot help thinking of home, think of it in connexion with the day of your return, wearing a great star on your breast, and alike the pride and envy of all your old intimates.”

“ I will try to follow your advice,” said the lad, submissively.

“ Do you know the hymn of Pio Nono ! ”

“ Yes, colonel.”

“ Can you sing it ? ”

“ Yes, colonel.”

“ Well, then, let us sing it together.” They did so, and the colonel, after ex-

pressing great satisfaction with Vincenzo's voice and performance, added, "I never begin operations—recruiting operations, I mean—without first singing this composition, and in future I shall always expect you to join me. It draws the audience up to the proper pitch for my purpose. Men, my good boy, must be taken as they are. The peasants I have to address, the best stuff for my corps, are most of them ignorant, material creatures, and must be dealt with like children. I shrink from no means, however personally unpalatable to me, so long as they are honest, by which I hope to attain my aim, my sole aim—the deliverance of my country. For this end, of which I never lose sight, I distribute, wherever I go, copies of Pio Nono's hymn, and portraits of him printed on cloth, that can be worn round the neck, like scapularies. I give you this explanation, not alone to prevent your possible misconception of my actions, but also to let you know that it will be part of your duty to assist me in the dissemination of both these articles ; trifles in themselves, but having a weighty effect, I assure you, on the simple mind of country folks. I charge a penny for the hymn, and twopence for His Holiness's portrait—less than the first cost ; but those who are able and willing, may, of course, be asked to give more. My commission includes the power to receive offerings for the benefit of the country. The country, I need scarcely inform you, is equally in want of money and men. Is not money the great sinews of war ?"

There was in these, and such-like confidences, something jarring to the lad's feelings, something degrading in the notion of having to go about, and, as it were, beg, even though the good of the country was the motive. But then, if a man of the colonel's importance, station, and experience (near at hand he looked full fifty), saw no objections to such proceedings, why should a youngster, who was nobody, be more squeamish ? Add to this argument, that the general propositions laid down by his chief, seemed, to Vincenzo's judgment, fair

and sound. There was no denying that men must be taken as they are, and no means be shrunk from, provided they were honest, by which the salvation of the country might be wrought out. Neither was there any denying, that the country was in want of money, nor that money was the great sinews of war. These were truisms that no one could impugn. Vincenzo came out of this debate with himself with a strengthened conviction that he had a clear duty before him, and that, the greater his antipathy to that duty, the more reason for his discharging it conscientiously, and like a man.

An opportunity of testing this *bond fide* conclusion was not long in presenting itself. Ten o'clock was striking at some town, or village, or whatever it was, near at hand. They had long left the highway for a cross-road, and Vincenzo was entirely out of his depth as to local geography, when the colonel stopped at an isolated house, a roadside inn, in full activity ; that is, full of light, and sound, and bustle—"the tail of a wedding," as the hostler graphically explained. Having, with his own eyes, seen to the proper accommodation of his nag, and himself removed the saddle, the long-legged man put a small valise, hitherto unremarked by Vincenzo, under his arm, and then led the way to a large room on the first-floor, which had an open gallery stretching along the full length of its front. There was a great gathering of people there, most of them farmers and peasants, eating, drinking, and talking.

After giving his instructions to the waiter, the colonel stationed himself at one of the empty tables in the centre of the room, the small valise by his side, filled a glass for himself, and one for his companion, brimful with wine, stood up, and, waving his glass, cried, in a stentorian voice, "Here's a bumper to Pio Nono ; long live the Pontiff Reformer !" Nearly every head in the room turned to look at the speaker. He, with another flourish of his hand to the company, disposed of the contents of his glass ; then, profiting by the half silence produced by

his toast, he struck up the hymn, Vincenzo joining in it, as in duty bound.

The singing, it must be allowed, was capital ; it was listened to in relative silence, and with evident pleasure. That it was a seasonable diversion, reviving the flagging spirits of many a guest, was certain from the salvo of bravos, and loud clapping of hands, which saluted its conclusion. The experienced colonel struck the iron while it was hot ; he bowed, and made the following pithy speech :—

“Gentlemen desirous of procuring the hymn that has just been sung, also scapularies coming direct from Rome, bearing the likeness of His Holiness, and blessed by him, can be supplied with them very cheaply. My young pupil and friend here will hand the one and the other round for inspection.” (Vincenzo, on hearing these words, felt the blood rising to his face.) “No one is obliged to buy ; but those who do, will be doing a good turn to their own souls, and also to their country. The times, gentlemen, are difficult, and money is the great sinews of war. Offerings to be appropriated to the equipment of volunteers will be received with gratitude !”

A mist rose before Vincenzo's eyes as the colonel consigned to him the valise, with its lid now thrown open, and directed him to carry it round. He set his teeth fast, and resolutely performed the task. Meanwhile, the tall man was favouring a limited, but select, circle of admirers, who had gathered round him, the hostess foremost, with a few choice scraps of a fancy biography. “A most interesting boy . . . a victim of the Jesuits ; it required all my energy to rescue him from their grip. No father, no mother, no relations. You can have no conception of what he has had to endure. I found him starving, literally starving. I'll stand by him ; protect him to the last. I am not rich, but never mind ; so long as I have a morsel of bread he shall have the half of it. No lack of benevolent people, thank God, to help me in my charitable undertaking.”

These broken confidences serve to

initiate us into the secret motives, which had induced the *soldisant* colonel to attach Vincenzo's fortunes to his own—namely, to endorse his own roguishness on the lad's youth and honest looks, and turn the interest aroused by them, and by a forged tale of persecution and destitution, into a well-supplied mint for himself.

Presently, the unconscious object of this puffing returned to his large associate with a handful of small coin ; and, pale and worn out with emotion—what he had been doing was so very like begging—he sank into a chair in a corner. But the colonel, with a covetous glance at the money, desired the youth to come by him, and have something to eat. A plentiful supper by this time was served on the little table in the centre of the room. Vincenzo felt faint and hungry enough to need but little encouragement to eat ; but, much as he relished his meal, he would have relished it still more without the exaggerated parental fondness lavished on him by the colonel, and the obtrusive marks of sympathy and interest showered on him by the landlady and company—a sympathy and interest so pointed as to be scarcely justifiable, even in the case either of a convalescent, or of one who had had a very narrow escape from some great peril.

These attentions were the more puzzling and unaccountable to Vincenzo, for being interspersed with hints and references to something which the speaker clearly took for granted had happened—such as, “Cheer up, my boy, and don't think of the past ; it is all over—they won't come now, and take you from your friend—you are quite safe with him ; he will protect you—don't spare the chicken, have another leg—the supper is *gratis et amore Dei*, you know—would to God we could do more !”

Such snatches of speeches as these were Sanscrit to Vincenzo, and made him feel ill at ease. However, he turned to account the good will of his hostess, to ask her to procure him writing materials—a commission which she readily undertook, but which must have had its difficulties from the time it took to

accomplish. Pen, ink, and paper, were found at last, and carried by the obliging hostess to the little room allotted to Vincenzo, next to that of his chief and guardian.

The youth felt dizzy, wearied, and sleepy ; the bed looked very tempting ; but he roused himself valiantly, and resolved not to go to rest until he should have achieved his epistles. Who could tell whether he might find time to write them on the morrow ? The task proved easier the further he advanced in it ; the rising tide of feeling, as he poured out his heart on paper, helped him on wonderfully. The letter to the Signor Avvocato proved rather long, that to Miss Rose consisted of but a few lines. They ran thus :

"DEAR SIGNORINA,—For all that relates to my late disgraceful conduct, my sincere repentance, and my present prospects, I must refer you to my letter to your good father. I venture to write to you only to say that the purse is safe with me—not, however, through any merit of mine ; for I must confess, with sorrow, that its recovery is due to a mere lucky chance. I keep it as a precious deposit, to be returned to you at our first meeting, if God grant me so much happiness, when I hope to have so behaved as to deserve your forgiveness, and the confirmed possession of the promised dear gift. Should I never see you again I feel sure that your kind heart will not disapprove of the way I shall have disposed of it ; that is, should the knowledge ever reach you."

To make this last phrase clear to the reader, it is necessary to add that, as he finished writing it, Vincenzo drew the purse from his pocket, and wrote, in his clearest hand, on the outside of the paper on which it was wrapped, "May 27th, 1848. Should I fall in battle, I, the undersigned, beg, as a last favour of those who may find my body, to bury with it the inclosed purse. VINCENZO CANDIA." This done, he put the note for Rose, open, into that for the Signor Avvocato, directed and sealed this last, placed it under his pillow, and went to bed.

The colonel was no early riser, fortunately for Vincenzo ; who thus had a pretty long sip of the Lethean waters, even till seven in the morning, when a twofold summons, from the knuckles and the double-bass voice of the occupant of the next room, came to warn him that it was time for him to rise and make ready for departure. The night had not cooled the landlady's interest in the youth, as shown by the substantial breakfast she had provided for him, her constant exhortations to eat heartily, and be of good cheer, and also by sundry greasy parcels, with which she crammed his pockets. Vincenzo was a good deal touched by all this great demonstrativeness, but also a little bored. Of course he did his utmost to veil this, while he gave full vent to his really grateful feelings.

"By-the-by," said Vincenzo, as he was bidding adieu to her, "can you inform me where is the nearest post-office ?"

"At the next village," replied the hostess, naming it, "a short quarter of an hour's walk, the third shop after you pass the baker's ; you can't help seeing the baker's ; it has just been fresh painted. Though, now that I think of it, why not leave your letter with me ? The letter-carrier for Ibella passes this way at eleven o'clock every day, and always calls in here. It will be a saving of time, if your letter goes at once to Ibella."

"Thank you very much," said Vincenzo ; "but—"

"You may trust it to me, I assure you," insisted the warm-hearted woman. "I would rather go on foot with it to Ibella myself than disappoint you of its being forwarded."

Vincenzo gave her the letter, though with a lingering reluctance ; even had he been sure that the letter would be lost, he could not have had the heart to hurt the good soul by any appearance of distrust. By this time Rosinante was at the door, and Don Quixote in the saddle—a few more last thanks and good wishes, and the travellers disappeared in a cloud of dust.

"A thoroughly kind-hearted woman, and a staunch patriot to boot," said the colonel; "I have taken a note of the house and the innkeeper's name; both shall be mentioned to his Majesty the first time I see him. No one does a good turn to Colonel Roganti, but finds, sooner or later, his due reward."

Vincenzo wondered how his chief had managed to discover the landlady's patriotism. As to the goodness of her heart and kindness, no one was better able to bear witness to both than Vincenzo, or more disposed to give her all the credit she deserved.

To be continued.

STEPS OF A STATESMAN.

BY W. SKEEN.

THERE are few passages of English history more curious or instructive than the measures adopted by Sir Robert Peel for effecting the transition in our commercial system from protection to free trade. They were deeply laid, cleverly contrived, long masked, and, when the proper time arrived, executed with extraordinary promptitude and courage. There have been instances before of individual tergiversation, of abandonment of previously professed principles, of desertion of party; but these occurred for the most part in revolutionary times, when public opinion itself swayed violently and rapidly from side to side; and even then the deserters rarely carried over to the hostile camp more than their own swords. It was the rare fortune of Sir Robert Peel, not simply to change the political principles he had professed from his first entrance into public life, but so to time his change as to carry with him the more influential members of his own party; to find, in his own lifetime, his bitterest opponents compelled reluctantly to admit the wisdom of his course; and, finally, to go down to the grave amid a nation's tears, honoured as a confessor to truth rather than as an apostate to principle. Much of this is, no doubt, owing to the fact, that he hit on the right moment for his new policy—that the nation was changing at the time, and he had the sagacity to discern, and the courage to head the movement. Even if that were all, it would be no mean praise; but it is

not all. Not only was Sir Robert Peel the first of his party—we may add, the first of public men—to discern the great revolution that was then fermenting deep down in the national heart; but to him belongs the merit of quietly, but effectually, encouraging the movement, while he affected to oppose it; of removing obstacles out of its path, as well as of finally securing its success. Whether in these deep and secret courses he conformed in all respects to the obligations of good faith—whether he did not abuse the confidence reposed in him by the party who still acknowledged him as their head, while he was scheming the overthrow of their most cherished policy—we must leave our readers to decide, after we shall have laid before them some of the more salient features of his management.

In 1841, the ministry of Lord Melbourne was in *extremis*. It had never shown the symptoms of a healthy existence, and it expired at last of financial inanition. One experiment after another was attempted to replenish the exhausted treasury; and, one after another, they all unaccountably failed. One vigorous effort was made, which proved to be the last flicker of the lamp before it expired in the socket. Customs duties had been increased with the effect of only diminishing their aggregate produce; it was at last resolved to see what would come of reducing them. In the spring of that year, the Whig Chancellor of the Exchequer

announced his scheme of finance to be a large reduction of the duties on foreign timber, an equalization of the duties on colonial and foreign sugar, and a fixed duty of 8s. per quarter on foreign wheat.

The announcement was received by the Protectionist party with mingled anger and alarm. The Anti Corn-Law League had then commenced that course of agitation which was afterwards of so much service in the overthrow of monopoly. Public attention was beginning to be roused to the consideration of politico-economical questions, and the Protectionists felt that, without a vigorous opposition, there was every prospect that the financial scheme of the Government would be adopted. It was determined that strenuous efforts should be made for its defeat; and the heads of the party met in conclave to mark out the ground on which the battle should be fought. There did not at first sight seem to be much room for hesitation on this point. The most offensive feature in the scheme was the corn duties, and it was most natural that the opposition should be concentrated against it as confessedly the key of the position. If the corn duties could be defeated, the other portions of the Budget would not be worth struggling for; whereas it by no means followed that the rejection of the other duties would save the sliding scale. There was another reason for adopting this course. It must have been apparent to the most obtuse member of the party that the Corn-Law struggle was only in its infancy, and that, before the strife began in earnest, it would be materially for their advantage to have a decisive declaration from Parliament in favour of the existing system. It might even be well—though none of them could have anticipated the coming desertions—that their leaders should be committed to an approval of their policy, from which there should be no retreat hereafter. What would arise from repeated discussions we now know better than could then have been foreseen; but obvious policy dictated that every member should, as soon and as decisively as possible, be

pledged, in the face of the country, to a Protectionist policy, by negating the main article in the Whig budget—the substitution of a low fixed duty for a high sliding scale.

But there was one man who had made up his mind that neither he nor his party should be so committed. There can now be no doubt that, even so early, Sir Robert Peel was more than half a convert to free trade, and that, with this secret conviction in his heart, he used his great influence to persuade his friends to evade the main question, and to join issue on the comparatively secondary point of the sugar duties. His arguments for this course were undoubtedly plausible. They could not be sure of victory in a fair stand-up fight between a fixed duty and a sliding scale, involving the vital question of a cheap or a dear loaf; but, if that contest were avoided, and issue taken on the collateral question of the sugar duties, the ranks of the Protectionists were certain to be reinforced by that influential section of politicians who were known as the friends of the negro, and who dreaded the reduction of the differential duties on foreign sugar, as a fresh stimulus to the curse of slavery. With the assistance of that section they were sure of success—without it, they were all but certain of defeat. So reasoned Sir Robert Peel, and his arguments and influence prevailed. He took care not to remind his party—and they were not quick-sighted enough to see—that by this course the controversy was only adjourned; that success at best could be only temporary, and that the struggle would be sure to be renewed on some future day at every disadvantage, when the doctrines of free trade would have made more progress, and all the members of the party would be free to choose new courses. Future security was sacrificed to present success.

That success, indeed, was brilliant and complete. Ministers were thoroughly beaten on the battle-ground forced on them. The anti-slavery men and the colonial party joined with the home Protectionists, and, by their united

efforts, the Ministerial scheme was shivered to fragments. The debates of that period, as read by our present lights, are full of curious interest. The amendment, as we have said, related to the colonial question alone. But the speakers were far from confining themselves to that point. Protectionists and Free-traders, Liberals and Conservatives, the colonist and the home-trader, the agriculturist and the manufacturer—all based their speeches on the question of the corn duties. The sugar question was before the House; but in men's hearts and on their lips, and colouring their whole cast of thought, was the Corn Law. They were too much in earnest to be logical; they spoke not so much according to the rules of debate as out of the fulness of their hearts; little was heard of the produce of Cuba or Brazil, but the House resounded with the fertility of the plains of Poland and of the prairies of America. One man there was, however, who all through this turmoil adhered closely to the question. Sir Robert Peel was fluent and eloquent, and brimful of statistical information, as was his wont; but his speeches related to sugar and not to corn. It was not that the question did not occupy as much of his thoughts as it did those of other men; but, while they thought only of expressing their emotions, he was intent on concealing his, and he managed it with consummate dexterity. It required no ordinary strength of purpose to remain steady amid the surging masses; to avoid being carried away by the strong excitement that was boiling and eddying around him. But his task was harder still; he had to affect to be borne along on—nay, to keep ahead of—the current, while all the time he moved not from his own position. His zeal appeared fully equal to that of the most impulsive of his followers; but it was wrapped up in vague and general phrases that afterwards, when his designs were unmasked and he stood forth to the world the chief and champion of free trade, defied the minutest criticism of his most rancorous foes to fix on a single phrase in which the great Protectionist leader had

plainly and in so many words committed himself to the principles of protection. It was a marvellous feat of sleight of intellect; but, clever as the conjuror was, it could never have been accomplished unless the bystanders, like those before more regular performers, had been dazzled by the excitement of the scene, and their own readiness to lend themselves to the delusion.

So far all went well. Sir Robert's advice to his party was justified by success. The Whigs were beaten by the combination of interests formed against them; and, though no vote directly affecting the Corn Laws had been recorded, yet all, or at least all but one, accepted the division as a defeat of the opponents of the Corn Laws.

The struggle was now transferred from the House of Commons to the wider arena of the nation. A dissolution of Parliament took place; and the country was divided into two hostile camps, where free trade and protection again appeared to be pitted against each other. But again the same tactics were repeated on a larger scale. The broad question which occupied all men's thoughts was again evaded, and issue was again joined on the minor question. A manifesto was issued from Tamworth, under the modest guise of an address to the constituents of the Conservative leader; but it was well understood that the topics on which Sir Robert there dilated were intended as the cue to be taken up by his followers. In that address there was much about the weakness, the incapacity, the misgovernment of the Whigs; and much about the threatened breach of faith with the negroes and the West India planters. The enormity of a proposal for a fixed duty on corn was dwelt on too, but in terms that admitted of explanation. In the heat and bustle of the election, nothing could read more satisfactorily as a confession of Protectionist principles; but, scanned in calmer moments, it certainly did appear as if the fault of the proposers lay in adopting it as a desperate clutch for the retention of office, rather than in any wickedness inherent in the

scheme itself. This document answered its purpose, however. In the counties, no doubt, both electors and elected were too full of their own question to talk of anything else; but, in the towns and amid all doubtful constituencies, the wrongs about to be inflicted on the West Indians, especially the negro portion of them, were again put in the forefront of the battle, and all remonstrances were stilled by the assurance that it was necessary, if they would consolidate their victory, to keep together the party by whom it was won. And again success crowned this policy. A majority hostile to the Whigs was returned to the House of Commons, almost as large, and to all appearance more compact than that which rallied round Earl Grey at the first election after the Reform Bill.

Here, then, it might have been supposed the time had come for decisive action, and for bringing the whole weight of the newly acquired majority to bear on an authoritative declaration in favour of the sliding scale. But no; finesse was still to be the order of the day. Still Sir Robert Peel counselled caution; and it is needless to say how much his authority had been raised by the recent events. His genius had elevated them from their prostrate and hopeless condition of some eight or ten years before, to stand again on the threshold of office, with the nation at their back; and this was not the time to discard his counsels, if they wished to consummate their victory. So, by his advice, the *coup de grace* was given to the moribund Whigs, not by a direct attack on any portion of their commercial policy, but on the general and comprehensive ground of want of confidence. Again, therefore, the motion before the House expressed one thing, and the general current of the debate another. Again there was a fierce and vehement Corn-Law debate; but again there was a loophole left in the motion, by which any one who chose could escape from committing himself to Protectionist opinions. Of this Sir Robert Peel, and a few like-minded with himself, were not slow to avail themselves. The division took place:

the Whigs were condemned by a decisive vote; and every Protectionist throughout the country fully believed that, with their expulsion, the poison of free trade was also expelled from the high places of the nation. Nevertheless, to those who could look more narrowly, it was plain that the ground of Whig expulsion was not that they had dared to tamper with the great country interest, but because of their general incapacity.

Now, however, the Protectionists could breathe in peace. They had defeated their opponents, as they and at that time the whole country believed, in fair and open fight. The nation, no less than the House of Commons, had pronounced in their favour. The Government was placed unreservedly in their hands. The foremost place was of right assigned to the man who had rallied them in defeat, disciplined them in opposition, and led them to victory; and his first steps as Prime Minister were all that the Protectionists could desire. He formed a Protectionist cabinet. There was not a man admitted into the ministry whose principles had the slightest suspicion of free trade, even breathed upon them. One or two members did, indeed, afterwards boast that they had carefully abstained from ever either making a monopolist speech, or giving a monopolist vote; but these boasts, made at a time when such boasting was safe, brought little honour on the men who made them; for their dissimulation had been so complete as to impose on the closest observers. But Sir Robert did not content himself with the appointment of merely unsuspected persons. He went out of his way to proclaim his devotion to the agricultural interest. Whatever the other qualities of the late Duke of Buckingham may have been, no man ever dreamt of him as a statesman, or thought of his being entitled, from any services he had rendered to the State, to have a seat in the cabinet. But he was believed to possess the confidence of the country interest; he was popularly known as the farmer's friend; and, therefore, he was placed in one of

those cabinet offices where little or no work is required, and where his presence was regarded as a satisfactory pledge of the minister's intentions. Other appointments, equally significant, were made. The head of the old Tory interest in England was the late Duke of Newcastle. His grace was not, indeed, the wood out of which a Cabinet, or, indeed, any other kind of old minister could be made; but the next best thing was done; his son and heir was pitchforked into the ministry. It may raise a smile to be told that the present duke, the impersonation of modern liberal opinions, should be considered as a pledge of steadfast adherence to the opinions of Sidmouth and Eldon; but the Earl of Lincoln of 1842 was a very different personage from the Duke of Newcastle of 1862. So with Ireland. The Protestantism and Protectionism of the Earl of Roden rendered him the darling of his co-religionists and co-politicians across the channel; but they were pitched on too high a key to suit the more sober English tastes. He was, therefore, inadmissible; but his son and heir, the late Lord Jocelyn, was cast in a milder mould, and his appointment was therefore equally satisfactory, and more business-like than that of his father would have been.

These appointments irritated the Free-traders as much as they gratified the Protectionists. By both parties they were accepted as pledges that the long reign of Liberalism was at an end, and that Tory and Protection dominancy was to be revived. Never was there a greater delusion. They were appointed for a very different purpose. They confirmed the confidence of the party at the time; they confused their counsels afterwards. The time was coming when the Protectionists, doubtful and distrustful, began to ask whether they were tending, and to mutter ominous words about the necessity of making a stand. But who was to head them? Their most trusted friends were, themselves, or as represented by their nearest relations, connected with this inscrutable Government. Could treason be meditated while such

a staunch Protectionist as the Duke of Buckingham was by to see fair play? If there was danger threatened to the old English Constitution, as it was understood by their grandfathers, would not such sons of uncompromising Tories as Lord Lincoln and Lord Jocelyn be quick-sighted enough to discern the mischiefs, and faithful enough to sound the alarm? And even when the honest, but rather muddle-headed Duke of Buckingham, perplexed and annoyed by the tendencies of things all around him, without being able to lay his finger on any precise cause of complaint, testified at least his honesty of purpose by the resignation of his office, he was soothed and most effectually muzzled by the offer of the Blue Ribbon, which he was weak enough to accept. From him, therefore, no condemnation of his former colleagues was to be expected. The younger branches of this extreme party quietly retained their places, thereby seriously compromising in the eyes of their party the principles of those peers of whom they were the representatives. The Duke of Newcastle was, himself, above suspicion; but how acutely he felt the taint which his son's dereliction appeared, at least in his own eyes, to cast on his boasted incorruptibility, may be gathered from the stern and unforgiving feeling with which he ever after regarded him—a feeling which drove him from the representation of his native county, and ceased not even when the father drew near to the edge of the grave.

In this manner the position of Sir Robert Peel grew more and more assured. He was at the head of the most powerful, and at the same time the most compact party, that had been seen in England since the days of Walpole. The aristocracy bowed themselves to do his bidding; the representatives of the most powerful families in England were his colleagues and subordinates. The rank and file of the party regarded him as the chosen leader who had guided them out of their bondage into the promised land of office. It seemed as if his course were so clearly marked out

that he could not mistake it, and his power assured for the term of his life.

But he had not been long in office till this fair scene began to overcloud. His career began to be marked by various strange and eccentric movements, needlessly—so his followers thought—straying out of the Protectionist orbit, but yet so slightly, and on such plausible pretexts, that suspicion was crushed almost as soon as it was engendered. The herd so recently admitted into the fat pastures of place and power raised their heads for a moment or two, looked alarmed and sniffed around, but, unable to detect any palpable sign of danger, quietly dropped their heads again to browse in peace. We need say nothing here of the imposition of the income-tax. That impost was justified at the time, in the eyes of every good Conservative, by the contrast of its bold and decided character with the previous peddling of Whig financial incapacity. Had not their chief declared from the first that he could prescribe for the patient, but that he must first be regularly called in and receive the official fee; and was he not now in the most brilliant manner redeeming his pre-official pledge? That step, therefore, excited no alarm in the Protectionist mind; and yet we now know, from the confessions of the minister himself, that that measure was the keystone of all his subsequent policy. There were other measures of a less reassuring nature. There was the revision of the tariff, by which the customs duties were materially reduced on an immense number of articles, some of them closely affecting the agricultural interest. The English grazier was for the first time subjected to competition from abroad, by the imposition of protective instead of prohibitory duties on foreign cattle; but then butcher's meat had become so dear, and the duty was still fixed so high, no harm was meant to the grazier's profits! Then came an attack on that palladium of the constitution itself—the sliding scale; which was considerably lowered. This was alarming; but then, on second thoughts, the old scale was admitted to be rather

clumsy in its operation. The height of its duties in ordinary times invited attack, and exposed the system to scandal; and, when prices at home ran high, the scale fell so rapidly as to deprive the farmer of any chance of profits. No; there could be no harm in a reduction of the sliding scale, which rather tended to a consolidation of monopoly, by giving up a prohibition that was valueless for a protection that could easily and at all times be worked! Then came another measure that did look ominous. It was proposed to treat wheat grown in our Canadian colonies as the produce of the subjects of the same Crown ought to be treated, and to admit it into this country wholly free of duty. To this the party, though with reluctance, assented. The colonists were our fellow-subjects after all; and, besides, if they were admitted to share in the privileges of the British farmer, they would be a reinforcement to the ranks of protection. So it was agreed to take in the Canadians as partners. But then came out the startling accompaniment to the scheme, that no effectual means were to be taken to prevent the produce of the United States from entering this country as of genuine Canadian growth. The Colonial Office had long ago given up the hopeless task of drawing a Custom House cordon across the long and exposed boundary between Canada and the States; and yet, if that were not done, the English farmer might be ruined by an inundation of wheat grown in the Mississippi valley, and entering England under the guise of its being the produce of the St. Lawrence. The party now really began to feel alarmed. They spoke of the measure as the rat-hole in the dyke that would in the end flood the province. Discontent and alarm pervaded their ranks; and from the flock of followers was heard the mutinous cry, "Peel or Stanley, who shall lead us?"

The answer of the Premier to that cry was, perhaps, the master-stroke of his whole policy. His cabinet had not been long formed when whispers of a disunion between those two eminent statesmen began to circulate. The mounting spirit of Lord Derby would

not, perhaps, have brooked a superior under any circumstances. His generous impulses were damped, and his imperious temper was chafed under the cool and wary, and in all respects anti-chivalric policy of his chief. More than once, acute observers in the House of Commons noticed the Secretary for the Colonies taking notes of an opponent's speech, with the evident intention to reply, and as often his being balked of his purpose by the Premier starting up before him, and first catching the Speaker's eye. For all this, the fiery young nobleman was fain to take his revenge whenever a discussion on a private Bill allowed him decorously to take an opposite side from his cold-blooded superior. Old members of the House still tell of the sensation produced when, on one such occasion, Lord Stanley, with marked emphasis, and a vehemence that showed the feelings working within, warned the House against being led away by the solemn plausibilities of his right honourable friend, who was well known to be unrivalled in the art of so dressing up a case as to make the worse appear the better reason. Everything, in fact, foreboded an open rupture between these leaders, when the dexterous Premier, ever fertile in resource, bethought him of a plan for removing his rival from his path by transferring him to the House of Peers. The excuse, as usual, was of the most plausible kind. The authority of the Duke of Wellington in that House was, and was likely long to remain, without a rival; but age was creeping on him, and it was his own desire to be relieved from the responsibilities which fall upon a leader. There was no one then in that assembly qualified to take his place. Would not Lord Stanley undertake the task? The bait seems to have been too tempting to be resisted. To lead the House of Lords was not, indeed, equal to leading the House of Commons; but still it was a leadership. Besides, the transfer was only anticipating, by a few years, the change that would take place in the course of nature by his father's death. He therefore accepted

the proposal; and, from that hour, Sir Robert Peel stood in the House of Commons without a competitor for the confidence of his own party. And that was the least of the advantage-ground. Among other points of difference between these ministers, the question of Protection was always prominent. The monopolists doubted Peel, but they were sure of Stanley. If the abolition then contemplated were to be pressed on the House while Stanley was a member, the Protectionists would have had a formidable leader round whom to rally. His removal to the Upper House did not, indeed, prevent him from resisting the fiscal revolution; but it deprived his resistance of more than half its weight. All he could do in the Upper House, compared with what he might have done in the Lower, was like the application of purchase-power to the short instead of the long end of the lever.

It will thus be seen how carefully Sir Robert Peel prepared his ground, and how cautiously he felt his way towards the change in the national policy he had long been meditating. He had gathered together a following such as rarely before, and never since, gathered round an English statesman—a following animated by a vehement attachment to one principle, but animated also by unbounded confidence in him, as the statesman who alone could assure to that principle success. With masterly adroitness he played off one of those emotions against the other. Without committing himself to a single definite enunciation of opinion, he contrived to persuade his followers that he shared their convictions, and longed for the consummation of their hopes; and he took advantage of their confidence to prevent them from committing themselves to any vote in favour of the principles which they took every other means to proclaim they entertained. The Free-traders were dislodged from office, and the Protectionists took their place, without one word being placed on the records of Parliament approving of, or condemning, the principle for which the two were battling. Having thus secured a clear stage for future discussions, he

proceeded in the same ingenious manner to mask, while he forwarded, his purpose, by calling to his assistance the most notorious of the Protectionist champions, calculating, on what afterwards occurred—that some would veer round along with him, and that those who would not move at his bidding would hesitate to denounce, and would be hampered by their connexion with him. Another step yet. Whilst Protection continued to be the rallying cry of the party, Protection itself was tampered with. There was nothing to alarm in the changes as they were successively presented. The farmers' friends could not deny that they were improvements on the old system. Little, indeed, would the nation have benefitted had the changes stopped there; but not the less they did the work for which they were intended. They accustomed the popular mind to the idea of change; the coherence of the fabric of Protection was loosened; the new duties could not command the respect with which men regarded the old; the thin end of the wedge was inserted, and it only waited for a favourable opportunity to be driven home.

That opportunity came even sooner than the minister anticipated. It seemed as if Providence itself were working in concert with the calculating statesman, and, by a sharp but needful stroke of discipline, opening up a way for the accomplishment of that design, to accomplish which all these stealthy feline movements had been made. The prospect of dearth, arising out of the bad harvest of 1845, and the total failure of the potato crop in that year, supplied the opportunity for which the minister was watching, and supplied it at the right time—when his measures were taken, his friends organized, his opponents scattered, dismayed, and uncertain, amid the general dereliction, on whom they might rely. At the decisive moment, indeed, he appeared to waver, and offered, by his own resignation, to make way for the statesmen who had just proposed a radical change in the Corn Laws to complete their work. But Lord John Russell

soon satisfied himself that, whatever the Conservatives might do under the guidance of their own leaders, it was certain that they would not repeal the Corn Laws at his bidding; and he resigned the honour and the arduousness of the task into the hands of his great rival. This result also, it is not too much to assert, had been foreseen by the minister, as well as the additional power which his resignation, to be so soon recalled, unfettered by conditions, put into his hands. The power thus gained he strained to the utmost in the work. The repeal of the Corn Laws he regarded as the crown and glory of his public life; and, when it was accomplished, he felt that his task was done. He gave up office almost without a struggle on the day the measure was secured beyond the possibility of defeat; and from that time onward to his death he made no secret of the resolution he had formed never again to accept office.

It is curious to reflect what would have been the reputation of Sir Robert Peel with posterity, had the accident which deprived the country of his valuable life in 1851 happened in 1844. He would have gone down to the grave with "a wounded name" as the last of the monopolists; and yet there can now be no doubt that, from his first entrance on office in 1842, or even sooner, he had made up his mind and prepared his plans, though with so much secrecy that it may be doubted whether he would have left behind him any record to explain his conduct or to vindicate his fame. Some of these plans we have thus endeavoured to enumerate. Judged by the standard of party morality, as it is usually understood in England, it is impossible wholly to justify them. That he deceived his party to their own advantage is a palliation rather than a defence. He judged for them more wisely than they could have judged for themselves; but they gave him their confidence, not as their prophet, but as their leader. Something may be said of the duty he owed his country as paramount to all his party could claim of him. And it must be admitted that even now, looking back

on the past with all the advantages of the light shed on it by subsequent events, it is not easy to see how the blessed result could have been otherwise secured. On this point it is instructive to mark the course taken by his Whig rival. Lord John Russell openly announced his purpose to break down monopoly, marched straight up to the fortress, summoned the garrison, and sustained a decisive defeat at the hands of the troops whom he had taken the pains to warn of his attack. Sir Robert Peel, having the same end in view,

carefully concealed his purpose, smoothed down suspicion, made his approaches only by slow, gradual, and almost imperceptible steps. Like the sagacious elephant, he proved the strength of every plank on the bridge before he trusted on it his full weight. In approaching to his object he moved with the stealth of the wild cat, and had the prey fairly within his grasp before he made the decisive spring. We admire even where we cannot wholly approve. He damaged his reputation for frankness; but he saved his country.

FIVE-AND-THIRTY.

GEORGE LAMBERT, you have woo'd me
long;
You singled me from out the throng
By every sleight of speech and song,
To make me yours.

I cannot tell why you should care
To win me; for I am not fair;
My bloom is not so fresh, my hair
So bright, as yours.

And truly, when at first I saw
Your eyes were on me, and the law
Magnetic had begun to draw
My own on yours,

I found therein no lordly grace
To make a grown-up woman place
Her love on such a boyish face
As this of yours.

'Tis said in sadness, not in blame;
For women who are worth the name
Love more the wrinkled mouth of fame
Than lips like yours.

And even I, though I could see
That, when you sang, you sang of me,
Was never touch'd as girls would be
By songs of yours,

Till once, with too melodious breath,
You told how great Elizabeth,
Or such as she, had done to death
Young hearts like yours.

Then, I remember, in the pause,
When faces brightening with applause
Of which I only knew the cause
Were turn'd on yours,

I only silent sat, and thought:
I wonder'd if this thrill were nought,
Or if indeed my presence wrought
High change in yours.

For, with that song, the light I prize
Had come at last into your eyes,
And I could think them deep and wise,
Though they were yours!

So, when you met me elsewhere
And said the words that needless were
After so sweet a prelude, there
You thought me yours.

'Tis true, I said a woman's No,
And spoke of ages, and the slow
Still-widening fissure that would grow
'Twixt mine and yours;

But you, with that keen ear of youth,
That instinct of respectful ruth
For women, had perceived the truth,
And crown'd me yours.

Ah, shall I tell you how it was?
I am not all so feeble as
A girl whose yielding soul might pass
Straight into yours;

I weigh'd and ponder'd what I did :
Our hearts would not be always hid,
And there's a vein in mine, would thrird
The depths of yours,

And with its iron bind the clay—
The white unmoulded mass, that may
(I thought) become to mine a stay,
As mine to yours.

For, though my years are nigh the full,
And though a drooping lid may dull
In me the gleams that gazers cull
From eyes like yours ;

Yet, being a woman, I am weak
Toward beauty, and the nurture meek
Whose symbols are a brow and cheek
As clear as yours.

Therefore, as some stern man, whose
prime
Has caught the roughness and the rime
Wherewith a long tempestuous time
Would crust e'en yours,

Wears on his bosom, like a rose,
The wife whose childlike fondness shows
To him more charming than she knows—
So I wore yours.

You and your love, I thought, would be
The glad revival unto me
Of that serene simplicity
Once mine, now yours :

And I would build you up to all
The height of things heroical,
My stronger nature as a wall
Confirming yours ;

Till you, half-feminine though brav ,
And I, though worn, yet true and grave,
Would fit at last like hand and glaive—
And both be yours.

George Lambert, what a dream was this !
I wake to old analysis,
And question every smile and kiss
Of mine or yours,

And feel upon me such a stress
Of sad mature self-consciousness,
That I no more have heart to bless
This suit of yours.

George, what was that of "like to like?"
It seems to me that, as a shriek
Wounds callow birds, my lips must strike
The warmth of yours ;

You want a life of richer tone ;
A heart full-blooded as your own
Should loose its ample maiden-zone
To take in yours :

But I—I am too lean for love ;
The day is past when I could move
With equal aspect, arm inwove
In arm of yours :

Too many sober thoughts attend
My age—how joy may have an end,
But sorrow never : could I blend
Such thoughts with yours ?

Old scenes you cannot understand,
Old lives, are ever with me ; and,
Perhaps, old memories of a hand
That was not yours.

"I should have seen all this before !"
I did ; but winds of pride outbore
My craft, that should have hugg'd the
shore,
To follow yours.

Forgive me then the words I've said ;
If I had known its youth was dead
I would have crush'd my heart, instead
Of cleaving yours.

Forgive me : I am cold, but what
Have I to do with life ? My lot
May make me yet a Bride ; but not—
Alas ! not yours.

ARTHUR J. MUNBY.

RAVENSHOE.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY, AUTHOR OF "GEOFFREY HAMLYN."

CHAPTER LXIV.

THE ALLIED ARMIES ADVANCE ON
RAVENSHOE.

How near the end we are getting, and yet so much to come! Never mind. We will tell it all naturally and straightforwardly, and then there will be nothing to offend you.

By-and-by it became necessary that Charles should have air and exercise. His arm was well. Every splinter had been taken out of it, and he must lie on the sofa no longer.

So he was driven out through pleasant places, through the budding spring, in one of Lord Hainault's carriages. All the meadows had been bush-harrowed and rolled long ago, and now the orchises and fritillaries were beginning to make the grass look purple. Lady Hainault had a low carriage, and a pair of small cobs, and this was given up to Charles; and Lady Hainault's first coachman declined to drive her ladyship out in the day-time, for fear that the second coachman (a meritorious young man of forty) should frighten Charles by a reckless and inexperienced way of driving.

Consequently Lady Hainault went a-buying flannel petticoats and that sort of thing, for the poor people in Casterton and Henley, driven by her second coachman; and Charles was trundled all over the country by the first coachman, in a low carriage with the pair of cobs. But Lady Hainault was as well pleased with the arrangement as the old coachman himself, and so it is no business of ours. For the curious thing was, that no one who ever knew Charles would have hesitated for an instant in giving up to him his or her bed, or dinner, or carriage, or any other thing in this world. For people are great fools, you know.

Perhaps the reason of it was that every one who made Charles's acquaintance knew by instinct that he would have cut off his right hand to serve them. I don't know why it was. But there is the fact.

Sometimes Lady Ascot would go with him, and sometimes William. And, one day, when William was with him, they were bowling quietly along a by-road on the opposite side of the water from Hurley. And, in a secret place, they came on a wicked old gentleman, breaking the laws of his country, and catching perch in close time, out of a punt, with a chair, and a stone bottle, and a fisherman from Maidenhead, who shall be nameless, but who must consider himself cautioned.

The Rajah of Ahmednuggur lives close by there; and he was reading the *Times*, when Charles asked the coachman to pull up, that he might see the sport. The Rajah's attention was caught by seeing the carriage stop; and he looked through a double-barrelled opera glass, and not only saw Charles and William in the carriage, but saw, through the osiers, the hoary old profligate with his paternoster pulling the perch out as fast as he could put his line in. Fired by a virtuous indignation (I wish every gentleman on the Thames would do likewise), he ran in his breeches and slippers down the lawn, and began blowing up like Old Gooseberry.

The old gentleman who was fishing looked at the rajah's red-brick house, and said, "If my face was as ugly as that house, I would wear a green veil;" but he ordered the fisherman to take up the rypecks, and he floated away down stream.

And, as Charles and William drove along, Charles said, "My dear boy, there could not be any harm in catch-

ing a few roach. I should so like to go about among pleasant places in a punt once more."

When they got home, the head keeper was sent for. Charles told him that he would so much like to go fishing, and that a few roach would not make much difference. The keeper scornfully declined arguing about the matter, but only wanted to know what time Mr. Ravenshoe would like to go, adding that any one who made objections would be brought up uncommon short.

So William and he went fishing in a punt, and one day Charles said, "I don't care about this punt-fishing much. I wish—I wish I could get back to the trout at Ravenshoe."

"Do you really mean that?" said William.

"Ah, Willy!" said Charles. "If I could only see it again!"

"How I have been waiting to hear you say that!" said William. "Come to your home with me; why, the people are wondering where we are. My darling bird will be jealous, if I stay here much longer. Come down to my wedding."

"When are you to be married, William?"

"On the same day as yourself," said William sturdily.

Said Charles, "Put the punt ashore, will you?" And they did. And Charles, with his nose in the air, and his chest out, walked beside William across the spring meadows, through the lengthening grass, through the calthas, and the orchises, and the ladies' slippers, and the cowslips, and the fritillaries, through the budding flower-garden which one finds in spring among the English meadows, a hale strong man. And, when they had clomb the precipitous slope of the deer-park, Charles picked a rhododendron flower, and put it in his button-hole, and turned round to William, with the flush of health on his face, and said—

"Brother, we will go to Ravenshoe, and you will be with your love. Shall we be married in London?"

"In St. Petersburg, if you like, now

I see you looking your old self again. But why?"

"A fancy of mine. When I remember what I went through in London, through my own obstinacy, I should like to take my revenge on the place, by spending the happiest day of my life there. Do you agree?"

"Of course."

"Ask Lady Ascot and Mary and the children down to Ravenshoe. Lady Hainault will come too, but he can't. And have General Mainwaring and the Tiernays. Have as many of the old circle as we can get."

"This is something like life again," said William. "Remember, Charles, I am not spending the revenues of Ravenshoe. They are yours. I know it. I am spending about 400*l.* a year. When our grandfather's marriage is proved, you will provide for me and my wife; I know that. Be quiet. But we shall never prove that till we find Ellen."

"Find Ellen!" exclaimed Charles, turning round. "I will not go near Ellen yet."

"Do you know where she is?" asked William, eagerly.

"Of course I do," said Charles. "She is at Hackney. Hornby told me so when he was dying. But let her be for a time."

"I tell you," said William, "that I am sure that she knows everything. At Hackney!"

The allied powers, General Mainwaring, Lady Ascot, Lord Hainault, and William, were not long before they searched every hole and corner of Hackney, in and out. There was only one nunnery there; but, in that nunnery, there was no young lady at all resembling Ellen. The priests, particularly Father Mackworth's friend Butler, gave them every assistance in their power. But it was no good.

As Charles and William were in the railway carriage going westward, Charles said—

"Well, we have failed to find Ellen. Mackworth, poor fellow, is still at Ravenshoe."

"Yes," said William, "and nearly

idiotic. All his fine-spun cobwebs cast to the winds. But he holds the clue to this mystery, or I am mistaken. The younger Tiernay takes care of him. He probably won't know you. But, Charles, when you come into Ravenshoe, keep a corner for Mackworth."

"He ought to be an honoured guest of the house as long as he lives," said Charles. "You still persist in saying that Ravenshoe is mine."

"I am sure it is," said William.

And, at this same time, William wrote to two other people telling all about the state of affairs, and asking them to come and join the circle. And John Marston came across into my room and said, "Let us go." And I said, "My dear John, we ought to go. It is not every day that we see a man, and such a man, risen from the dead, as Charles Ravenshoe."

And so we went.

CHAPTER LXV.

FATHER MACKWORTH PUTS THE FINISHING TOUCH ON HIS GREAT PIECE OF EMBROIDERY.

AND so we went. At Ravenshoe were assembled General Mainwaring, Lady Ascot, Mary, Gus, Flora, Archy and nurse, William, Charles, Father Tiernay and Father Murtagh Tiernay, John Marston, and Tommy Cruse from Clovelly, a little fisherboy, cousin of Jane Evans's—Jane Evans who was to be Mrs. Ravenshoe.

It became necessary that Jane Evans should be presented to Lady Ascot. She was only a fisherman's daughter, but she was wonderfully beautiful, and gentle, and good. William brought her into the hall one evening, when every one was sitting round the fire; and he said, "My dear madam, this is my wife that is to be." Nothing more.

And the dear old woman rose and kissed her, and said, "My love, how wonderfully pretty you are. You must learn to love me, you know; and you must make haste about it, because I am a very old woman, and I shan't live very long."

So Jane sat down by Mary, and was at home, though a little nervous. And General Mainwaring came and sat beside her, and made himself as agreeable as very few men besides him know how to do. And the fisherboy got next to William, and stared about with his great black eyes, like a deer in a flower-garden. (You caught that face capitally, Mr. Hook, if you will allow me to say so—best painter of the day!)

Jane Evans was an immense success. She had been to school six months in Exeter, and had possibly been drilled in a few little matters: such as how to ask a gentleman to hold her fan; how to sit down to the piano when asked to sing (which she couldn't do); how to marshal her company to dinner; how to step into the car of a balloon; and so on. Things absolutely necessary to know, of course, but which had nothing to do with her success in this case; for she was so beautiful, gentle, and winning, that she might have done anything short of eating with her knife, and it would have been considered nice.

Had she a slight Devonshire accent? Well, well! Do you know, I rather like it. I consider it aually so good with the Scotch, my dear.

I could linger and linger on about this pleasant spring at old Ravenshoe, but I must not. You have been my companion so long that I am right loth to part with you. But the end is very near.

Charles had his revenge upon the trout. The first day after he had recovered from his journey, he and William went out and did most terrible things. William would not carry a rod; but gave his to the servant, and took the landing-net. That Ravenshoe stream carries the heaviest fish in Devonshire. Charles worked up to the waterfall, and got nineteen, weighing fourteen pounds. Then they walked down to the weir above the bridge, and then Charles's evil genius prompted him to say, "William, have you got a salmon fly in your book?" And William told him that he had, but solemnly warned him of what would happen.

Charles was reckless and foolish.

He, with a twelve-foot trout-rod, and thirty yards of line, threw a small salmon fly under the weir above the bridge. There was a flash on the water. Charles's poor little reel began screaming, and the next moment the line came "flick" home across his face, and he said, "By gosh, what a fool I was;" and then he looked up to the bridge, and there was Father Mackworth looking at him.

"How d'ye do, my dear sir?" said Charles. "Glad to see you out. I have been trying to kill a salmon with trout tackle, and have done quite the other thing."

Father Mackworth looked at him, but did not speak a word. Then he looked round, and young Murtagh Tiernay came up and led him away; and Charles got up on the road and watched the pair going home. And, as he saw the tall narrow figure of Father Mackworth creeping slowly along, dragging his heels as he went, he said, "Poor old fellow, I hope he will live to forgive me."

Father Mackworth, poor fellow, dragged his heels homeward; and, when he got into his room in the priests' tower, Murtagh Tiernay said to him, "My dear friend, you are not angry with me? I did not tell you that he was come back; I thought it would agitate you."

And Father Mackworth said slowly, for all his old decisive utterance was gone, "The Virgin bless you; you are a good man."

And Father Mackworth spoke truth. Both the Tiernays were good fellows, though papists.

"Let me help you off with your coat," said Murtagh, for Mackworth was standing in deep thought.

"Thank you," said Mackworth. "Now, while I sit here, go and fetch your brother."

Murtagh Tiernay did as he was told. In a few minutes our good jolly old Irish friend was leaning over Mackworth's chair.

"Ye're not angry that we didn't tell ye there was company?" he said.

"No, no," said Mackworth. "Don't No. 33.—VOL. VI.

speak to me, that's a good man. Don't confuse me. I am going. You had better send Murtagh out of the room."

Father Murtagh disappeared.

"I am going," said Mackworth. "Tiernay, we were not always good friends, were we?"

"We are good friends, any way, now, brother," said Tiernay.

"Ay, ay, you are a good man. I have done a wrong. I did it for the sake of the Church, partly, and partly—well. I was very fond of Cuthbert. I loved that boy, Tiernay. And I spun a web. But it has all got confused. It is on this left side, which feels so heavy. They shouldn't make one's brain in two halves, should they?"

"Begorra no. It's a burain' shame," said Father Tiernay, determining, like a true Irishman, to agree with every word said, and find out what was coming.

"That being the case, my dear friend," said poor Mackworth, "give me the portfolio and ink, and we will let our dear brother Butler know, *De profundis clamavi*, that the time is come."

Father Tiernay said, "That will be the proper course," and got him pen and ink, fully assured that another fit was coming on, and that he was wandering in his mind; but still watching to see whether he would let out anything. A true Irishman.

Mackworth let out nothing. He wrote, as steadily as he could, a letter of two lines, and put it in an envelope. Then he wrote another letter of about three lines, and inclosed the whole in a larger envelope, and closed it. Then he said to Father Tiernay, "Direct it to Butler, will you, my dear friend; you quite agree that I have done right?"

Father Tiernay said that he had done quite right; but wondered what the dickens it was all about. We soon found out. But we walked, and rode, and fished, and chatted, and played billiards, and got up charades, with Lady Ascot for an audience; not often thinking of the poor paralytic priest in the lonely tower, and little dreaming of the mine which he was going to spring under our feet.

The rows, (there is no other expression) that used to go on between Father Tiernay and Lady Ascot were as amusing as anything I ever heard. I must do Tiernay the justice to say that he was always perfectly well bred, and, also, that Lady Ascot began it. Her good temper, her humour, and her shrewdness were like herself; I can say no more. Tiernay dodged, and shuffled, and went from pillar to post, and was as witty and good-humoured as an Irishman can be; but I, as a staunch Protestant, am of opinion that Lady Ascot, though nearly ninety, had the best of it. I daresay good Father Tiernay don't agree with me.

The younger Tiernay was always in close attendance on Mackworth. Every one got very fond of this young priest. We used to wait until Father Mackworth was reported to be in bed, and then he was sent for. And generally we used to make an excuse to go into the chapel, and Lady Ascot would come, defiant of rheumatism, and we would get him to the organ.

And then—Oh, Lord! how he would make that organ speak, and plead, and pray, till the prayer was won. And then, how he would send aggregated armies of notes, marching in vast battalions one after another, out into space, to die in confused melody; and then, how he would sound the trumpet to recal them, and get no answer but the echo of the roof. Ah! well. I hope you are fond of music, reader.

But one night we sent for him, and he could not come. And, later, we sent again, but he did not come; and the man we had sent, being asked, looked uneasy, and said he did not know why. By this time the ladies had gone to bed. General Mainwaring, Charles, William, John Marston, and myself, were sitting over the fire in the hall, smoking, and little Tommy Cruse was standing between William's knees.

The candles and the fire were low. There was light outside from a clouded moon, so that one could see the gleam of the sea out of the mullioned windows. Charles was stooping down, describing

the battle of the Alma on the hearth-rug, and William was bending over, watching him, holding the boy between his knees, as I said. General Mainwaring was puffing his cigar, and saying, "Yes, yes; that's right enough;" and Marston and I were, like William, looking at Charles.

Suddenly the boy gave a loud cry, and hid his face in William's bosom. I thought he had been taken with a fit. I looked up over General Mainwaring's head, and I cried out, "My God! what is this?"

We were all on our legs in a moment, looking the same way—at the long low mullioned window which had been behind General Mainwaring. The clouded moonlight outside showed us the shape of it. But between us and it there stood three black figures; and, as we looked at them, we drew one towards the other, for we were frightened. The general took two steps forward.

One of the figures advanced noiselessly. It was dressed in black, and its face was shrouded in a black hood. In that light, with that silent even way of approaching, it was the most awful figure I ever saw. And from under its hood came a woman's voice, the sound of which made the blood of more than one to stand still, and then go madly on again. It said:—

"I am Ellen Ravenshoe. My sins and my repentance are known to some here. I have been to the war, in the hospitals, till my health gave way; and I came home but yesterday, as it were, and I have been summoned here. Charles, I was beautiful once. Look at this."

And she threw her hood back, and we looked at her in the dim light. Beautiful once! Ay, but never so beautiful as now. The complexion was deadly pale, and the features were pinched, but she was more beautiful than ever. I declare I believe that, if we had seen a ring of glory round her head at that moment, none of us would have been surprised. Just then, her beauty, her nun's dress, and the darkness of the hall, assisted the illusion, probably; but there was really some-

thing saintlike and romantic about her, for an instant or so, which made us all stand silent. Alas! there was no ring of glory round her head. Poor Ellen was only bearing the cross; she had not won the crown.

Charles was the first who spoke or moved. He went up to her and kissed her, and said, "My sweet sister, I knew that, if I ever saw you again, I should see you in these weeds. My dear love, I am so glad to see you. And oh, my sister, how much more happy to see you dressed like that—"

(Of course he did not use exactly those words, but words to that effect, only more passionate and even less grammatical. I am not a short-hand writer. I only give you the substance of conversations in the best prose I can command.)

"Charles," she said, "I do right to wear weeds, for I am the widow of—(Never mind what she said; that sort of thing very properly jars on Protestant ears.) I am a sister of the Society of Mercy of St. Bridget, and I have been to the East, as I told you: and more than once I must have been into the room where you lay, to borrow things, or talk with English Catholic ladies, and never guessed you were there. After Hornby had found me at Hackney, I got leave from Father Butler to join an Irish sisterhood; for our mother was Irish in speech and in heart, you remember, though not by birth. I have something to say—something very important. Father Mackworth, will you come here? Are all here intimate friends of the family? Will you ask any of them to leave the hall, Charles?"

"Not one," said Charles. "Is one of those dark figures which have frightened us so much Father Mackworth? My dear sir, I am so sorry: come to the fire. And who is the other?"

"Only Murtagh Tiernay," said a soft voice.

"Why did you stand out there these few minutes? Father Mackworth, your arm."

William and Charles helped him in towards the fire. He looked terribly ill

and ghastly. The dear old general took him from them, and sat him down in his own chair by the fire; and there he sat looking curiously around him, with the light of the wood fire and the candles strong on his face, while Ellen stood behind him, with her hood thrown back, and her white hands folded on her bosom. If you have ever seen a stranger group than we were, I should be glad to hear of it.

Poor Mackworth seemed to think that it was expected of him to speak. He looked up to General Mainwaring, and he said—

"I hope you are the better of your wound, sir. I have had a sharp stroke of paralysis, and I have another coming on, sir, and my memory is going. When you meet my Lord Saltire, whom I am surprised to find absent to-night, will you tell him that I presented my compliments, and thought that he had used me very well on the whole? Had she not better begin, sir? or it may be too late; unless you would like to wait for Lord Saltire."

Father Murtagh Tiernay knelt down and whispered to him.

"Ay! ay!" he said, "Dead—ay! so he is; I had forgotten. We shall all be dead soon. Some of us will to hell, General, and some to heaven, and all to purgatory. I am a priest, sir. I have been bound body and soul to the Church from a child, and I have done things which the Church will disapprove of when they are told, though not while they are kept secret; and I tell them because the eyes of a dead man, of a man who was drowned bathing in the bay, haunt me day and night, and say, Speak out!—Murtagh!"

Little Tiernay was kneeling beside him, and called his attention to him.

"You had better give me the wine; for the end is getting very near. Tell her to begin."

And, while poor Mackworth was taking some wine (poor fellow, it was little enough he had taken in his life-time), Ellen began to speak. I had some notion that we should know everything now. We had guessed the truth for a

long while. We had guessed everything about Petre Ravenshoe's marriage. We believed in it. We seemed to know all about it, from Lady Ascot. No link was wanting in the chain of proof, save one—the name of the place in which that marriage took place. That had puzzled every one. Lady Ascot declared it was a place in the north of Hampshire, as you will remember; but every register had been searched there, without result. So conceive how we all stared at poor Ellen, when she began to speak, wondering whether she knew as much as ourselves, or even more.

"I am Miss Ravenshoe," she said quietly. "My brother Charles there is heir to this estate; and I have come here to-night to tell you so."

There was nothing new here. We knew all about that. I stood up and put my arm through Charles Ravenshoe's, and William came and laid his hand upon my shoulder. The general stood before the fire, and Ellen went on.

"Petre Ravenshoe was married in 1778 to Maria Dawson; and his son was James Ravenshoe, my father, who was called Horton, and was Densil Ravenshoe's game-keeper. I have proof of this."

So had we. We knew all this. What did she know more? It was intolerable that she was to stop just here, and leave the one awful point unanswered. I forgot my good manners utterly; I clutched Charles's arm tighter, and I cried out—

"We know about the marriage, Miss Ravenshoe; we have known of it a long while. But where did it take place, my dear young lady? Where?"

She turned on me and answered, wondering at my eagerness. I had brought out the decisive words at last—the words that we had been dying to hear for six months; she said—

"At Finchampstead, in Berkshire; I have a copy of the certificate with me."

I let go Charles's arm, and fell back in my chair. My connexion with this story is over (except the trouble of telling it, which I beg you won't mention, for it has given me as much plea-

sure as it has you; and that, if you look at it in a proper point of view, is quite just, for very few men have a friend who has met with such adventures as Charles Ravenshoe, who will tell them all about it afterwards). I fell back in my chair, and stared at poor Father Mackworth as if he were a copper disk, and I was trying to get into a sufficiently idiotic state to be electrobiologized.

"I have very little more to tell," said Ellen. "I was not aware that you knew so much. From Mr. William Marston's agitation, I conclude that I have supplied the only link which was missing. I think that Father Mackworth wishes to explain to you why he sent for me to come here to-night. If he feels himself able to do so now, I shall be glad to be dismissed."

Father Mackworth sat up in his chair, and spoke at once. He had gathered himself up for the effort, and went through it well, though with halting and difficult speech.

"I knew of Petre Ravenshoe's marriage from Father Clifford, with all the particulars. It had been confessed to him. He told it to me the day Mrs. Ravenshoe died, after Densil Ravenshoe had told me that his second son was to be brought up to the Protestant faith. I went to him in a furious passion, and he told me about this previous marriage which had been confessed to him, to quiet me. It showed me that, if the worst were to happen, and Cuthbert were to die, and Ravenshoe go to a Protestant, I could still bring in a Catholic as a last resource. For, if Cuthbert had died, and Norah had not confessed about the changing of the children, I should have brought in James, and after him William, both Catholics, believing him to be the son of James and Norah. Do you understand?"

"Why did I not? I loved that boy Cuthbert. And it was told under seal of confession, and must not be used save in deadly extremity; and William was a turbulent boy. Which would have been the greater crime at that time? It was only a choice of evils, for the Church is very dear to me.

"Then Norah confessed to me about the change of children; and then I saw that, by speaking of Petre Ravenshoe's marriage, I should only bring in a Protestant heir. But I saw, also, that, by using her confession only, I could prove Charles Ravenshoe to be merely a game-keeper's son, and turn him out into the world. And so I used it, sir. You used to irritate and insult me, sir," he said, turning to Charles, "and I was not so near death then as now. If you can forgive me, in God's name say so."

Charles went over to him, and put his arm round him. "Forgive you?" he said; "dear Mackworth, can you forgive me?"

"Well, well!" he continued, "what have I to forgive, Charles? At one time, I thought that if I spoke it would be better, because Ellen, the only daughter of the house, would have had a great dower, as Ravenshoe girls have. But I loved Cuthbert too well. And Lord Welter stopped my even thinking of doing so, by coming to Ravenshoe. And—and—we are all gentlemen here. The day that you hunted the black hare, I had been scolding her for writing to him. And William and I made her mad between us, and she ran away to him. And she is with the army now, Charles. I should not fetch her back, Charles. She is doing very good work there."

By this time she had drawn the black hood over her face, and was standing behind him, motionless.

"I will answer any more questions you like to-morrow. Petre Ravenshoe's marriage took place at Finchampstead, remember. Charles, my dear boy, would you mind kissing me? I think I always loved you, Charles. Murtagh Tiernay, take me to my room."

And so he went tottering away through the darkness. Charles opened the door for him. Ellen stood with her hood over her face, motionless.

"I can speak like this, with my face hidden," she said. "It is easy for one who has been through what I have, to speak. What I have been you know; what I am now is—(she

used one of those Roman Catholic forms of expression which are best not repeated too often). I have a little to add to his statement. William was cruel to me. You know you were. You were wrong. I will not go on. You were awfully unjust—you were horribly unjust. The man who has just left the room had some slight right to upbraid me. You had none. You were utterly wrong. Mackworth, in one way, is a very high-minded honourable man. You made me hate you, William. God forgive me. I have forgiven you now."

"Yes; I was wrong," said William, "I was wrong. But Ellen, Ellen! before old friends, only with regard to the person."

"When you treated me so ill, I was as innocent as your mother, sir. Let us go on. This man Mackworth knew more than you. We had some terrible scenes together about Lord Welter. One day he lost his temper, and became theatrical. He opened his desk and showed me a bundle of papers, which he waved in the air, and said that they contained my future destiny. The next day, I went to the carpenter's shop and took a chisel. I broke open his desk, and possessed myself of them. I found the certificate of Petre Ravenshoe's marriage. I knew that you, William, as I thought, and I were the elder children. But I loved Cuthbert and Charles better than you or myself, and I would not speak. When, afterwards, Father Butler told me, while I was with Lord Welter, before I joined the Sisters, of the astounding fact of the change of children, I still held my peace, because I thought Charles would be the better of penance for a year or so, and because I hesitated to throw the power of a house like this into heretic hands, though it were into the hands of my own brother. Mackworth and Butler were to some extent enemies, I think; for Butler seems not to have told Mackworth that I was with him for some time, and I hardly know how he found it out at last. Three days ago I received this letter from Mackworth, and after some hesitation I came. For I thought

that the Church could not be helped by wrong, and I wanted to see that he concealed nothing. Here it is. I shall say no more."

And she departed, and I have not seen her since. Perhaps she is best where she is. I got a sight of the letter from Father Mackworth. It ran thus—

"Come here at once, I order you. I am going to tell the truth. Charles has come back. I will not bear the responsibility any longer."

Poor Mackworth! He went back to his room, attended by the kind-hearted young priest, who had left his beloved organ at Segur to come and attend to him. Lord Segur pished and pshawed, and did something more, which we won't talk about, for which he had to get absolution. But Murtagh Tiernay stayed at Ravenshoe, defying his lordship, and his lordship's profane oaths, and making the Ravenshoe organ talk to Father Mackworth about quiet churchyards and silent cloisters; and sometimes raging on until the poor paralytic priest began to see the great gates rolled back, and the street of the everlasting city beyond, crowded with glorious angels. Let us leave these two to their music. Before we went to town for the wedding, we were sitting one night, and playing at loo, in the hall. (Not guinea unlimited loo, as they used to play at Lord Welter's, but penny loo, limited to eighteen pence.) General Mainwaring had been looted in miss four times running, making six shillings (an almost impossible circumstance, but true); and Lady Ascot had been laughing at him so that she had to take off her spectacles and wipe them, when Murtagh Tiernay came into the hall, and took away Charles, and his brother Father Tiernay.

The game was dropped soon after this. At Ravenshoe there was an old-fashioned custom of having a great supper brought into the hall at ten. A silly old custom, seeing that every one had dined at seven. Supper was brought in, and every one sat down to table. All sorts of things were handed to one by the servants, but no one ate anything.

No one ever did. But the head of the table was empty. Charles was absent.

After supper was cleared away, every one drew in a great circle round the fire, in the charming old-fashioned way one sees very seldom now, for a talk before we went to bed. But nobody talked much. Only Lady Ascot said, "I shall not go upstairs till he comes back. General, you may smoke your cigar; but here I sit."

General Mainwaring would not smoke his cigar, even up the chimney. Almost before he had time to say so, Charles and Father Tiernay came into the room without saying a word, and Charles, passing through the circle, pushed the logs on the hearth together with his foot.

"Charles," said Lady Ascot, "has anything happened?"

"Yes, aunt."

"Is he dead?"

"Yes, aunt."

"I thought so," said Lady Ascot; "I hope he has forgiven me any hard thoughts I had of him. I could have been brought to love that man in time. There were a great many worse men than he, sir," she added in her old clear ringing tones, turning to Father Tiernay. "There were a great many worse men than he."

"There were a great many worse men, Lady Ascot," said Father Tiernay. "There have been many worse men with better opportunities. He was a good man brought up in a bad school. A good man spoilt. General Mainwaring, you who are probably more honoured than any man in England just now, and are worthy of it; you who can't stop at a street corner without a crowd getting together to hurrah to you; you, the very darling of the nation, are going to Oxford to be made an honorary Doctor of Laws. And, when you go into that theatre, and hear the maddening music of those boys' voices cheering you, then, general, don't get insane with pride like Herod, but think what you might have been with Mackworth's opportunities."

I think we all respected the Irishman for speaking up for his friend, although his speech might be extrava-

gant. But I am sure that no one respected him more sincerely than our valiant, humble, old friend, General Mainwaring.

CHAPTER LXVI.

GUS AND FLORA ARE NAUGHTY IN CHURCH,
AND THE WHOLE BUSINESS COMES TO
AN END.

CHARLES's purpose of being married in London held good. And I need not say that William's held good too.

Shall I insult your judgment by telling you that the whole story of Petre Ravenshoe's marriage at Finchampstead, was true? I think not. The register was found; the lawyers were busy down at Ravenshoe; for every one was anxious to get up to London, and have the two marriages over before the season was too far advanced.

The memorabilia about this time at Ravenshoe, were—The weather was glorious. (I am not going to give you any more about the two capes, and that sort of thing. You have had those two capes often enough. And I am reserving my twenty-ninth description of the Ravenshoe scenery for the concluding chapter.) The weather, I say, was glorious. And I was always being fetched in from the river, smelling fishy, and being made to witness deeds. I got tired of writing my name. I may have signed away the amount of the national debt in triplicate, for anything I know (or care. For you can't get blood out of a stone). I signed some fifty of them, I think. But I signed two, which gave me great pleasure.

The first was a rent charge on Ravenshoe of two thousand a year, in favour of William Ravenshoe. The second was a similar deed of five hundred a year in favour of Miss Ravenshoe. We will now have done with all this sordid business, and go on.

The ladies had all left for town, to prepare for the ceremony. There was a bachelors' house at Ravenshoe for the last time. The weather was hot. Charles Ravenshoe, General Mainwaring, and

the rest, were all looking out of the dining-room windows towards the sea, when we were astonished by seeing two people ride up on to the terrace, and stop before the porch.

A noble-looking old gentleman, in a blue coat and brass buttons, knee-breeches and gaiters, on a cob, and a beautiful boy of sixteen on a horse. I knew well enough who it was, and I said, Ho! But the others wondered. William would have known, had he been looking out of window just then; but, by the time he got there, the old gentleman and the boy were in the porch, and two of Charles's men were walking the horses up and down.

"Now, who the deuce is this?" said Charles. "They haven't come far; but I don't know them. I seem to know the old man, somehow; but I can't remember."

We heard the old gentleman's heavy step along the hall; and then the door was thrown open, and the butler announced, like a true Devonshire man—

"Mr. Humby to Hele!"

The old gentleman advanced with a frank smile and took Charles's hand, and said, "Welcome home, sir; welcome to your own; welcome to Ravenshoe. A Protestant at Ravenshoe at last. After so many centuries."

Everybody had grown limp and faint when they heard the awful name of Humby—that is to say, every one but me. Of course, I had nothing to do with fetching him over. Not at all. This was the first time that a Humby had had friendly communication with a Ravenshoe, for seven hundred and eighty-nine years. The two families had quarrelled in 1066, in consequence of John Humby having pushed against Kempion Ravenshoe, in the grand rush across the Senlac, at the battle of Hastings. Kempion Ravenshoe had asked John Humby where he was shoving to, and John Humby had expressed a wish to punch Kempion Ravenshoe's head (or do what went for the same thing in those times: I am no antiquarian). The wound was never healed. The two families located themselves on adjoining

estates in Devonshire immediately after the conquest, but never spoke till 1529, when Lionel Humby bit his thumb at our old friend, Alured Ravenshoe, in Cardinal Wolsey's antechamber, at Hampton, and Alured Ravenshoe asked him what the devil he meant by that. They fought in Twickenham meadow, but held no relations for two hundred and fourteen years—that is to say, till 1745, when Ambrose Ravenshoe squeezed an orange at Chichester Humby, at an election dinner in Stonnington, and Boddy Fortescue went out as second to Chichester Humby, and Lord Segur to Ambrose Ravenshoe. After this the families did not speak again for one hundred and ten years—that is to say, till the time we are speaking of, the end of April, 1855, when James Humby to Hele frightened us all out of our wits, by coming into the dining-room at Ravenshoe, in a blue coat and brass buttons, and shaking hands with Charles, and saying, besides what I have written above—

"Mrs. Humby and my daughters are in London for the season, and I go to join them the day after to-morrow. There has been a slight cloud between the two houses lately" (that is to say, as we know it, for seven hundred and eighty-nine years. But what is time?), "and I wish to remove it. I am not a very old man, but I have my whimsies, my dear sir. I wish my daughters to appear among Miss Corby's bridesmaids; and do you know, I fancy, when you get to London, that you will find the whole matter arranged."

Who was to resist this? Old Humby went up in the train with all of us the next day but one. And if I were asked to pick out the most roystering, boisterous, jolly old county member in England, Scotland, or Ireland, I should pick out old Humby of Hele. What fun he made at the stations where the express stopped! The way he allowed himself to be fetched out of the refreshment-room by the guard, and then, at the last moment, engaged him in a general conversation about the administration of the line, until the station-master was

mad, and an accident imminent, was worthy of a much younger man, to say the least. But then, in a blue coat and brass buttons, with drab small-clothes, you may do anything. They are sure to take you for a swell. If I, William Marston, am ever old enough, and fat enough, and rich enough, I shall dress like that myself, for reasons. If my figure does not develop, I shall try black br—ch—s and gaiters, with a shovel hat, and a black silk waistcoat buttoned up under my throat. That very often succeeds. Either are better than pegtops and a black bowler hat, which strike no awe into the beholders.

When we all got to town, we were, of course, very busy. There was a great deal of millinery business. Old Humby insisted on helping at it. One day he went to Madame Tulle's, in Conduit Street, with his wife and two daughters, and asked me to come too; for which I was sorry at first, for he behaved very badly, and made a great noise. We were in a great suite of rooms on the first floor, full of crinolines and that sort of thing; and there were a great many people present. I was trying to keep him quiet, for he was cutting a good many clumsy jokes, as an old-fashioned country squire will. Everybody was amused with him, and thoroughly appreciated his fun, save his own wife and daughters, who were annoyed; so I was trying to keep him quiet, when a tall, brown-faced, handsome young man came up to me and said—

"I beg a thousand pardons; but is not your name Marston?"

I said, "Yes."

"You are a first cousin of John Marston, are you not?—of John Marston, whom I used to meet at Casterton?"

I said, "Yes; that John Marston was my cousin." But I couldn't remember my man, for all that.

"You don't remember me! I met you once at old Captain Archer's, at Lashbrook, for ten minutes. My wife has come here to buy fal-lals for Charles Ravenshoe's wedding. He is going to marry my cousin. My name is George Corby. I have married Miss Ellen

Blockstrop, daughter of Admiral Blockstrop. Her elder sister married young Captain Archer of the merchant service."

I felt very faint, but I congratulated him. The way those Australians do business shames us old-country folk. To get over a heavy disappointment and be married in two months and a week is very creditable.

"We bushmen are rough fellows," he said. (His manners were really charming. I never saw them beaten.) "But you old-country fellows must excuse us. Will you give me the pleasure of your acquaintance? I am sure you must be a good fellow, for your cousin is one of the best fellows I ever knew."

"I should be delighted." And I spoke the truth.

"I will introduce you to my wife directly," he said; "but the fact is, she is just now having a row with Madame Tulle, the milliner here. My wife is a deuced economical woman, and she wants to show at the Ravenshoe wedding in a white-moiré-antique, which will only cost fifty guineas, and which she says will do for an evening dress in Australia afterwards. And the Frenchwoman won't let her have it for the purpose, because she says it is incorrect. And I hope to Gad the Frenchwoman will win, because my wife will get quite as good a gown to look at for twenty guineas or so."

Squire Humby begged to be introduced. Which I did.

"I am glad, sir," he said, "that my daughters have not heard your conversation. It would have demoralised them, sir, for the rest of their lives. I hope they have not heard the argument about the fifty-guinea gown. If they have, I am a ruined man. It was one of you Australians who gave twelve hundred guineas for the bull 'Master Butterfly,' the day before yesterday?"

"Well, yes," said George Corby, "I bought the bull. He'll pay, sir, handsomely, in our part of the world."

"The devil he will," said Squire Humby. You don't know an opening

for a young man of sixty-five, with a blue coat and brass buttons, who understands his business, in your part of the country, do you?"

And so on. The weddings took place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. If the ghost of the little shoeblack had been hovering round the wall where he had played fives with the brass button, he might have almost heard the ceremony performed. Mary and Charles were not a handsome couple. The enthusiasm of the population was reserved for William and Jane Evans, who certainly were. It is my nature to be a Jack-of-all-trades, and so I was entrusted with old Master Evans, Jane's father, a magnificent old sea-king, whom we have met before. We two preferred to go to church quietly before the others; and he, refusing to go into a pew, found himself a place in the free seats, and made himself comfortable. So I went out into the porch, and waited till they came.

I waited till the procession had gone in; and then I found that the tail of it was composed of poor Lord Charles Herries' children, Gus, Flora, and Archy, with their nurse.

If a bachelor is worth his salt, he will make himself useful. I saw that Nurse was in distress and anxious; so I stayed with her.

Archy was really as good as gold till he met with his accident. He walked up the steps with nurse as quiet as possible. But, even at first, I began to get anxious about Gus and Flora. They were excited. Gus wouldn't walk up the steps; but he put his two heels together, and jumped up them one at a time, and Flora walked backwards, looking at him sarcastically. At the top step but one Gus stumbled; whereupon Flora said, "Goozlemy, goozlemy, goozlemy."

And Gus said, "You wait a minute, my lady, till we get into church;" after which awful speech I felt as if I was smoking in a powder magazine.

I was put into a pew with Gus, and Flora, and Archy. Nurse, in her modesty, went into the pew behind us.

I am sorry to say that these dear

children, with whom I had had no previous acquaintance, were very naughty. The ceremony began by Archy getting too near the edge of his hassock, falling off, pitching against the pew-door, bursting it open, and flying out among the free seats, head foremost. Nurse, a nimble and dexterous woman, dashed out, and caught him up, and actually got him out of the church-door before he had time to fetch his breath for a scream. Gus and Flora were left alone with me.

Flora had a great scarlet-and-gold church-service. As soon as she opened it, she disconcerted me by saying aloud, to an imaginary female friend, "My dear, there is going to be a collection, and I have left my purse on the piano."

At this time, also, Gus, seeing that the business was well begun, removed to the further end of the pew, sat down on the hassock, and took from his trousers' pocket a large tin trumpet.

I broke out all over in a cold perspiration as I looked at him. He saw my distress, and, putting it to his lips, puffed out his cheeks. Flora administered comfort to me. She said, "You are looking at that foolish boy. Perhaps he won't blow it, after all. He mayn't if you don't look at him. At all events, he probably won't blow it till the organ begins; and then it won't matter so much."

Matters were so hopeless with me that I looked at old Master Evans. He had bent down his head on to the rail of the bench before him. His beautiful daughter had been his only companion at home for many years; for his wife had died when Jane was a little bare-legged thing, who paddled in the surf. It had been a rise in life for her to marry Mr. Charles Ravenshoe's favourite pad-groom. And just now she had walked calmly and quietly up the aisle, and had stopped when she came to where he sat, and had pushed the Honiton-lace veil from her forehead, and kissed his dear old cheek; and she would walk back directly as Mrs. William Ravenshoe. And so the noble old privateer skipper had bent down, and there was nothing to be

seen there, but a grey head and broad shoulders, which seemed to shake.

And so I looked up to the east end. And I saw the two couples kneeling before the clergyman. And when I, knowing everything as I did, saw Charles kneeling beside Mary Corby, with Lord Ascot, great burly, brutal giant, standing behind him, I said something which is not in the marriage service of the Church of England. After it all, to see him and her kneeling so quietly there together! We were all happy enough that day. But I don't think that any one was much happier than I. For I knew more than any one. And also, three months from that time, I married my present wife, Eliza Humby. And the affair had only been arranged two days. So I was in good spirits.

At least I should have been, if it had not been for Lord Charles Herries's children. I wish those dear children (not meaning them any harm) had been, to put it mildly, at play on the village green that blessed day.

When I looked at Gus again, he was still on the hassock, threatening propriety with his trumpet. I hoped for the best. Flora had her prayer-book open, and was playing the piano on each side of it, with her fingers. After a time she looked up at me, and said out loud—

"I suppose you have heard that Archy's cat has kitteden?"

I said, "No."

"Oh, yes, it has," she said. "Archy harnessed it to his meal cart, which turns a mill, and plays music when the wheels go round; and it ran downstairs with the cart; and we heard the music playing as it went; and it kitteden in the wood-basket immediately afterwards; and Alwright says she don't wonder at it; and no more do I; and the steward's-room boy is going to drown some. But you mustn't tell Archy, because, if you do, he won't say his prayers; and if he don't say his prayers, he will, &c. &c." Very emphatically, and in a loud tone of voice.

This was very charming. If I could only answer for Gus, and keep Flora

busy, it was wildly possible that we might pull through. If I had not been a madman, I should have noticed that Gus had disappeared.

He had. And the pew door had never opened, and I was utterly unconscious. Gus had crawled up, on all fours, under the seat of the pew, until he was opposite the calves of his sister's legs, against which calves—*horresco referens*—he put his trumpet and blew a long shrill blast. Flora behaved very well and courageously. She only gave one long, wild shriek, as from a lunatic in the padded cell in Bedlam, and then, hurling her prayer-book at him, she turned round and tried to kick him in the face.

This was the culminating point of my misfortunes. After this, they behaved better. I represented to them that every one was just coming out of the vestry, and that they had better fight it out in the carriage, going home. Gus only made an impertinent remark about Flora's garters, and Flora only drew a short, but trenchant, historical parallel between Gus and Judas Iscariot, when the brides and bridegrooms came down the aisle, and we all drove off to Charles's house in Eaton Square.

And so, for the first time, I saw all together, with my own eyes, the principal characters in this story. Only one was absent—Lord Saltire. I had seen him twice in my life, and once had the honour of a conversation with him. He was a man about five feet eleven, very broad shouldered, and with a very deep chest. As far as the animal part of him went, I came to the conclusion, from close and interested examination for twenty minutes, that he had, fifty or sixty years before, been a man with whom it would have been pleasanter to argue than to box. His make was magnificent. Phrenologically speaking, he had a very high square head, very flat at the sides; and, when I saw him, when he was nearly eighty, he was the handsomest old man I had ever seen. He had a florid, pure complexion. His face was without a wrinkle. His eyebrows were black, and his hair seemed to refuse to be grey. There was as much

black as grey in it to the last. His eye was most extraordinary—a deep blue-grey. I can look a man as straight in the face as any one; but, when Lord Saltire turned those eyes on me three or four times in the course of our interview, I felt that it was an effort to meet them. I felt that I was in the presence of a man of superior vitality to my own. We were having a talk about matters connected with Charles Ravenshoe, which I have not mentioned, because I want to keep myself, William Marston, as much out of this story as possible. And, whenever this terrible old man looked at me, asking a question, I felt my eyebrows drawing together, and knew that I was looking *defiantly* at him. He was the most extraordinary man I ever met. He never took office after he was forty. He played with politics. He was in heart, I believe (no one knows), an advanced Whig. He chose to call himself a Tory. He played the Radical game very deep, early in life; and, I think, he got disgusted with party politics. The last thing the old Radical atheist did in public life was to rally up to the side of the Duke in opposition to the Reform Bill. And another fact about him is, that he had always a strong personal affection for Sir Francis.

He was a man of contradictions, if one judges a man by Whig and Tory rules; but he was a great loss to the public business of the country. He might have done almost anything in public life with his calm clear brain. My cousin John thinks that Lord Barkham's death was the cause of his retirement.

So much about Lord Saltire. Of the other characters mentioned in this story I will speak at once, just as I saw them sitting round the table at Charles and William Ravenshoe's wedding.

I sat beside Eliza Humby. She was infinitely the most beautiful, clever, and amiable being that the world ever produced. (But that is my business, not yours.) Charles Ravenshoe sat at the head of the table, and I will leave

him alone for a minute. I will give you my impressions of the other characters in this story, as they appeared to me.

Mary was a very charming-looking little person indeed, very short, and with small features. I had never seen her before, and had never heard any one say that she was pretty. I thought her very pretty indeed.

Jane Evans was an exceedingly beautiful Devonshire girl. My eye did not rest very long on her. It came down the table to William, and there it stopped.

I got Eliza Humby to speak to him, and engage him in conversation while I looked at him. I wanted to see whether there was anything remarkable in his face, for a more remarkable instance of disinterested goodwill than his determining to find Charles and ruin himself I never happened to have heard of.

Well, he was very handsome and pleasing, with a square determined look about the mouth, such as men brought up among horses generally have. But I couldn't understand it; and so I spoke to him across Lizzy, and I said, casting good manners to the winds, "I should think that the only thing you regretted to-day was that you had not been alongside of Charles at Balaclava;" and then I understood it—for, when I mentioned Charles and Balaclava, I saw for one instant not a groom but a poet. Although, being a respectable well-conducted man, he has never written any poetry, and probably never will.

Then I looked across the table at Lady Ascot. They say that she was never handsome. I can quite believe that. She was a beautiful old woman certainly, but then all old women are beautiful. Her face was very square; and one could see that it was capable of very violent passion, or could, knowing what one did, guess so. Otherwise there was nothing very remarkable about her, except that she was a remarkably charming old lady. She was talking to General Mainwaring, who was a noble-looking old soldier.

Nothing more. In fact, the whole

group were less remarkable and tragical-looking than I thought they would have been. I was disappointed, until I came to Lord Ascot, and then I could not take my eyes off him.

There was tragedy enough there. There was coarse brutality and passion enough, in all conscience. And yet that man had done what he had done! Here was a puzzle with a vengeance.

Lord Ascot, as I saw him now, for the first time, was simply a low-bred and repulsive-looking man. In stature he was gigantic, in every respect save height. He was about five feet nine, very deep about the chest. His hair was rather dark, cut close. His face was very florid, and perfectly hairless. His forehead was low. His eyes were small, and close together. His eyebrows were heavy and met over his nose, which was short and square. His mouth was large; and when you came to his mouth, you came to the first tolerable feature in his face. When he was speaking to no one in particular, the under lip was set; and the whole face, I am very sorry to say, was the sort of face which is quite as often seen in the dock as in the witness box (unless some gentleman has turned Queen's evidence). And this was the man who had risked a duke's fortune, because "There were some things a fellow couldn't do, you know."

It was very puzzling till he began to speak to his grandmother; and then his lower lip pouted out, his eyebrows raised, his eyes went apart, and he looked a different man. Is it possible that, if he had not been brought up to cock-fighting and horse-racing, among prize-fighters and jockeys, he might have been a different man? I can't say, I am sure.

Lord and Lady Hainault were simply a very high-bred, very handsome, and very charming pair of people. I never had the slightest personal acquaintance with either of them. My cousin knows them both very intimately, and he says there are not two better people in the world.

Charles Ravenshoe rose to reply to

General Mainwaring's speech proposing the brides and bridegrooms, and I looked at him very curiously. He was pale, from his recent illness, and he never was handsome. But his face was the face of a man whom I should fancy most people would get very fond of. When we were schoolfellows at Shrewsbury, he was a tall dark-haired boy, who was always laughing and kicking up a row, and giving his things away to other fellows. Now he was a tall, dark, melancholy-looking man, with great eyes, and lofty eyebrows. His vivacity, and that carriage which comes from the possession of great physical strength, were gone; and, while I looked at him, I felt ten years older. Why should I try to describe him further? He is not so remarkable a man as either Lord Ascot or William. But he was the best man I ever knew.

He said a few kind hearty words and sat down; and then Lord Ascot got up. And I took hold of Lizzie's hand with my left; and I put my right elbow on the table and watched him intensely, with my hand shading my face. He had a coat buttoned over his great chest; and, as he spoke, he kept on buttoning and unbuttoning it with his great coarse hand. He said—

"I ain't much hand at this sort of thing. I suppose those two Marstons, confound them, are saying to themselves that I ought to be, because I am in the House of Lords. That John Marston is a most impudent beggar, and I shall expect to see his friend to-morrow morning. He always was, you know. He has thwarted me all through my life. I wanted Charles Ravenshoe to go to the deuce, and I'll be hanged if he'd let him. And it is not to be borne."

There was a general laugh at this, and Lord Ascot stretched his hand across General Mainwaring, and shook hands with my cousin.

"You men just go out of the room, will you?" (The servants departed, and Lord Ascot went to the door to see they were not listening. I thought some revelation was coming, but I was mistaken.) "You see I am obliged to notice

strangers, because a fellow may say things among old friends which he don't exactly care to before servants.

"It is all very well to say I'm a fool. That is very likely, and may be taken for granted. But I am not such a fool as not to know that a very strong prejudice exists against me in the present society."

Every one cried out, "No! no!" Of all the great wedding breakfasts that season, this was certainly the most remarkable. Lord Ascot went on. He was getting the savage look on his face now.

"Well, well! let that pass. Look at that man at the head of the table—the bridegroom. Look at him. You wonder that I did what I did. I'll tell you why. I love that fellow. He is what I call a man, General Mainwaring. I met that fellow at Twyford years ago, and he has always been the same to me since. You say I served him badly once. That is true enough. You insulted me once in public about it, Hainault. You were quite right. Say you, I should not talk about it to-day. But, when we come to think how near death's gates some of us have been since then, you will allow that this wedding-day has something very solemn about it.

"My poor wife has broken her back across that infernal gate, and so she could not come. I must ask you all to think kindly of that wife of mine. You have all been very kind to her since her awful accident. She has asked me to thank you.

"I rose to propose a toast, and I have been carried away by a personal statement, which, at every other wedding breakfast I ever heard of, it would be a breach of good manners to make. It is not so on this occasion. Terrible things have befallen every one of us here present. And I suppose we must try all of us to—hey!—to—hah!—well, to do better in future.

"I rose, I said, to propose a toast. I rose to propose the most blameless and excellent woman I ever knew. I propose that we drink the health of my grandmother, Lady Ascot."

And oh ! but we leapt to our feet and drank it. Manners to the winds, after what we had gone through. There was that solemn creature, Lord Hainault, with his champagne glass in his hand, behaving like a schoolboy, and giving us the time. And then, when her dear grey head was bent down over the table buried in her hands, my present father-in-law, Squire Humby, leapt to his feet like a young giant, and called out for three times three for Lord Ascot. And we had breath enough left to do that handsomely, I warrant you. The whole thing was incorrect in the highest degree, but we did it. And I don't know that any of us were ashamed of it afterwards.

And, while the carriages were getting ready, Charles said, Would we walk across the square. And we all came with him. And he took us to a piece of dead white wall, at the east-end of St. Peter's Church, opposite the cab-stand.

And then he told us the story of the little shoeblack, and how his comical friendship for that boy had saved him from what it would not do to talk about.

* * *

But there is a cloud on Charles Ravenshoe's face even now. I saw him last summer lying on the sand, and playing with his eldest boy. And the cloud was on him then. There was no moroseness, no hardness in the expression ; but the face was not the merry old face I knew so well at Shrewsbury and Oxford. There is a dull, settled, dreaming melancholy there still. The memory of those few terrible months has cast its shadow upon him. And the shadow will lie, I fancy, upon that forehead, and will dim those eyes, until the forehead is smoothed in the sleep of death, and the eyes have-opened to look upon eternity !

Good-bye.

LEIGH HUNT'S POETRY.

THE public, since it came to be a reading public, has grown familiar with the idea that the courts critical have no better claim to infallibility than any other human tribunal. They are happier, however, than more authoritative judicatories in this, that their sentences are not so completely irrevocable. Often the best critics of one generation find their greatest pride and pleasure in paying homage to writers whose early claims to honour the best critics of the preceding generation rejected with contempt. We have seen many instances in our own day of this kind of reaction, but none more conspicuous than in the case of the poets whom the givers of reputation forty years ago, classifying several men of very dissimilar character and genius together, so wickedly nicknamed "The Cockney School." All readers of poetry now know that there are not more than one or two English poets greater than Keats ; and Leigh Hunt, also, we are

glad to see, has at length taken his place among the acknowledged worthies of English literature.

Since, of all poets, Leigh Hunt is the one whom it is most essential to approach with sympathy, we should probably have attempted to reach the true point of view by glancing, in the first place, at the life and character of the man, if accident had not enabled us to accomplish that object much more effectually. Fortunately, there have fallen into our hands certain documents, in which a great writer speaks of Leigh Hunt in a tone so warm, and yet so discriminating, that no greater service can be done to his memory than by their publication. With all respect therefore for private papers, we do not scruple—"if not with leave given, then with leave taken"—to print them here. It must, as we conjecture, be about fifteen years since Mr. Carlyle wrote the following :—

MEMORANDA

CONCERNING MR. LEIGH HUNT.

"1. That Mr. Hunt is a man of the most indisputably superior worth; a *Man of Genius* in a very strict sense of that word, and in all the senses which it bears or implies; of brilliant varied gifts, of graceful fertility, of clearness, lovingness, truthfulness; of childlike open character; also of most pure and even exemplary private deportment; a man who can be other than *loved* only by those who have not seen him, or seen him from a distance through a false medium.

"2. That, well seen into, he *has* done much for the world;—as every man possessed of such qualities, and freely speaking them forth in the abundance of his heart for thirty years long, must needs do: *how* much, they that could judge best would perhaps estimate highest.

"3. That, for one thing, his services in the cause of reform, as Founder and long as Editor of the *Examiner Newspaper*, as Poet, Essayist, Public Teacher in all ways open to him, are great and evident: few now living in this kingdom perhaps could boast of greater.

"4. That his sufferings in that same cause have also been great; legal Prosecution and Penalty (not dishonourable to him; nay honourable, were the whole truth known, as it will one day be): unlegal obloquy and calumny through the Tory Press;—perhaps a greater quantity of baseness, persevering, implacable calumny, than any other living writer has undergone. Which long course of hostility (nearly the cruellest conceivable, had it not been carried on in half, or almost total misconception) may be regarded as the beginning of his other worst distresses, and a main cause of them down to this day.

"5. That he is heavily laden with domestic burdens, more heavily than most men, and his economical resources are gone from him. For the last twelve years he has toiled continually, with passionate diligence, with the cheerfulness of spirit; refusing no task; yet hardly able with all this to provide for the day that was passing over him: and now, after some two years of incessant effort in a new enterprise (*The London Journal*) that seemed of good promise, it also has suddenly broken down; and he remains in weak health, age creeping on him, without employment, means, or outlook, in a situation of the painfullest sort. Neither do his distresses, nor did they at any time, arise from wastefulness, or the like, on his own part (he is a man of humble wishes, and can live with dignity on little); but from crosses of what is called Fortune, from injustice of other men, from inexperience of his own, and a guileless trustfulness of nature: the thing and things that have made him unsuccessful make him in reality *more* lovable, and plead for him in the minds of the candid.

"6. That such a man is rare in a Nation, and of high value there; not to be *procured* for a

whole Nation's Revenue, or recovered when taken from us: and some 200*l.* a year is the price which this one, whom we now have, is valued at; with that sum he were lifted above his perplexities, perhaps saved from nameless wretchedness! It is believed that, in hardly any other way, could 200*l.* abolish as much suffering, create as much benefit, to one man, and through him to many and all.

"Were these things set fitly before an English Minister, in whom great part of England recognises (with surprise at such a novelty) a man of insight, fidelity, and decision, is it not probable or possible that he, though from a quite opposite point of view, might see them in somewhat of a similar light; and, so seeing, determine to do in consequence? *Ut fiat!*

"T. C."

Some years later, in the "mellow evening" of a life that had been so stormy, Mr. Leigh Hunt himself told the story of his struggles, his victories, and his defeats, with so singularly graceful a frankness that the most supercilious of critics could not but acknowledge that here was an autobiographer whom it was possible to like. Here is Mr. Carlyle's estimate of Hunt's Autobiography:—

Chelsea, 17 June, 1850.

"Dear Hunt,—I have just finished your Autobiography, which has been most pleasantly occupying all my leisure these three days; and you must permit me to write you a word upon it, out of the fulness of the heart, while the impulse is still fresh to thank you. This good book, in every sense one of the best I have read this long while, has awakened many old thoughts which never were extinct, or even properly asleep, but which (like so much else) have had to fall silent amid the tempests of an evil time—Heaven mend it! A word from me once more, I know, will not be unwelcome, while the world is talking of you.

"Well, I call this an excellent good book, by far the best of the autobiographic kind I remember to have read in the English language; and indeed, except it be Boswell's of Johnson, I do not know where we have such a picture drawn of a human life as in these three volumes.

"A pious, ingenious, altogether human and worthy book; imaging, with graceful honesty and free felicity, many interesting objects and persons on your life-path, and imaging throughout, what is best of all, a gifted, gentle, patient, and valiant human soul, as it buffets its way through the billows of time, and will not drown though often in danger; cannot be drowned, but conquers and leaves a track of radiance behind it: that, I think, comes out more clearly to me than in any other of your books;—and that, I can venture to assure you, is the best of all results to readers in a book

of written record. In fact, this book has been like a written exercise of devotion to me; I have not assisted at any sermon, liturgy or litany, this long while, that has had so religious an effect on me. Thanks in the name of all men. And believe, along with me, that this book will be welcome to other generations as well as ours. And long may you live to write more books for us; and may the evening sun be softer on you (and on me) than the noon sometimes was!

"Adieu, dear Hunt (you must let me use this familiarity, for I am now an old fellow too, as well as you). I have often thought of coming up to see you once more; and perhaps I shall, one of these days (though there are such lions in the path, go whitherward one may): but, whether I do or not, believe for ever in my regard. And so, God bless you,

Prays heartily,

"T. CARLYLE."

That which Mr. Carlyle tells his friend comes out more clearly in the *Autobiography* than in his other books, is perhaps less apparent in the poetry than in any of the rest. It is not the struggles of a valiant soul so much as the enjoyment of a singularly happy one, that we are to look for in Leigh Hunt's poems. He quotes, somewhere, with approbation, from Coleridge or from Charles Lamb—we do not ourselves remember to have met with it in either—a definition of poetry as "geniality singing." We are not quite sure that this phrase is fully descriptive of all poetry: one hardly conceives of the *Inferno* as "geniality singing;" but, at all events, it is singularly applicable to his own. That is nothing so much as the musical expression of his own sympathy with the beauty and harmony of the world. But he has himself described most felicitously the kind of feeling which it most frequently expresses, in some verses, called "Sudden Fine Weather":—

"Where Spring has been delayed by winds and rains,

And, coming with a burst, comes like a show,
Blue all above, and basking green below,
And all the people culling the sweet prime,
Then issues forth the bee to clutch the thyme,

And the bee-poet rushes into rhyme.

For lo! no sooner has the cold withdrawn,
Than the bright elm is tufted on the lawn:
The merry sap has run up in the bowers,
And burst the windows of the buds in flowers;

With songs the bosoms of the birds run o'er,
The cuckoo calls, the swallow's at the door,
And apple-trees, at noon with bees alive,
Burn with the golden chorus of the hive.
Now all these sights, these sounds, this vernal blaze,

Is but one joy, expressed a thousand ways:
And honey from the flowers, and song from birds,

Are from the poet's pen his overflowing words."

No other words could at once describe and illustrate so happily as those sweet and flowing verses, the gaiety of heart, which, after all, was Hunt's best inspiration. His distinguishing characteristic among modern English poets is his animal spirits. There is a great deal of feeling in his poetry, and the feeling is not always gay; but its principal motive is the thorough enjoyment of all sorts of beautiful sights and sounds, and of some sorts of beautiful actions. And, if this should seem to imply a somewhat limited range of poetical power, we ought to remember that the inspiration of some of the greatest singers of the world, the Homers and Chaucers, might be described in very much the same words. To express enjoyment is not the highest function of poetry; but the feeling of enjoyment has been the creative impulse which has produced much of the poetry which all the world agrees to call the highest. We do not rank Leigh Hunt among the greatest poets, even of the second order; but in this respect he bears a closer resemblance than any of them to the great poets of the first.

Hunt himself frequently shows an inclination to claim kindred with such poets of the highest order as Chaucer and Shakespeare—though he does so with all due modesty and reverence—by virtue of his possession of a quality which we are not quite so willing to concede. The characteristic of great poets, which he is most anxious to attain for himself, and inculcate the desire of on others, is their *universality*: meaning by this word, not the universality of genius, which enables them there to represent all the varieties of human nature; but the universality of the heart, which enables them to feel

for, and make allowance for all. But unluckily, in his anxiety to be universal, he shuts out from the range of his sympathies the very efforts of thought and struggles of nature, by which alone less happily-constituted men are able to attain to so comprehensive a humanity, if they can attain to it at all. It is curious to remark, when he is discussing this favourite theme, that almost the only persons he excludes from his easy tolerance are those whose reflective and spiritual capacities are greater than their sensibilities for beauty. The constitution of his own nature was precisely the reverse. He is not, indeed, except in dealing with some very great questions, superficial. He is too tender, loving, and pious to be called so, in general; but it is impossible not to see that it is owing to his ignorance, and not his experience, of the compass of our nature, that he supposes himself to be taking a more wide and generous view of man and his destinies than that of others, who all the while may be yearning for a higher universality than is dreamt of in his kindly philosophy. Even in poetry, he never finds his way to the deepest and most sacred springs of emotion; and, when these are touched by other more serious, if not sadder hands, he is far more inclined to blame than to admire the melancholy which brings the depths of our nature within our knowledge. He is angry with Wordsworth, for example, because he feels too heavily the burdens of the world. It seems to him that a poet should enjoy things more. The muse should have a more thorough and perfect sympathy with our pleasures and her own; and, if Urania descends from heaven, it ought to be to give vent to her animal spirits on earth; "otherwise, "she is wanting," says Leigh Hunt, "in universality." And, if universality is synonymous with cheerfulness, it is, of course, undeniable that the only way of attaining that virtue is to be happy, and enjoy this rich, sunny, beautiful, and musical world. But, if this word implies a more comprehensive habit of thought than is common with the mass

of men, then to talk of mere cheerfulness as the highest result and object of a wide experience of human life, is surely as far from universality as the most splenetic peevishness could possibly be. It may be cheerful, but it certainly is not, in this sense, universal, to imagine John Knox dancing with the queen's Maies, and sigh for the contrast between that pretty picture and the actual portrait of the stern preacher, schooling the nobles and sovereign of the realm. And what are we to think of the universality of the writer who can talk of Christian flying from the City of Destruction, as if he were a cowardly, ungenerous fellow, who took care of himself alone, and left his wife and children in the lurch? The truth is, that when Hunt was driven to confront the great problems of human existence, it was simply because his "universality" failed him that his cheerfulness remained as triumphant as ever. The first editor of the *Examiner* cannot be supposed to have seen no cause for lamentation in the actual condition of things in this world; but, however individual distresses, or the general miseries of mankind, might move his benevolence, they did not in the least affect his kindly and pleasant conviction that there was going to be a new world soon, when everything would assuredly come right. There was a certain degree of vagueness about this doctrine; but a great deal of love and goodwill: and it had sustained himself so thoroughly, under all the troubles which vexed his career, that he could not understand why it should not be an equally sufficient answer to the doubts and difficulties of other men. His heart did not sink under feelings which have embittered the souls of many poets, and purified and exalted many more, because it had scarcely been touched by them at all. He had no very deep comprehension either of the purely intellectual, or of the purely spiritual side of our nature; and, therefore, he proposed to soothe their deepest wounds by gentle and pleasant emotions. He had little patience for a more pro-

foundly reflective, or a deeper religious nature than his own. The endless speculations of the philosophic Coleridge he took to be mere mental luxury, and idle dreaming.

It is evident that such a poet's writings will not be very deeply coloured by the more abstruse thought of his age. The reader, therefore, must not expect to find in Leigh Hunt, either the transcendental subtlety and somewhat melancholy introspection by which some of his contemporaries are characterised, or the deep philosophical spirit of meditation which has made some others the best and highest guides and teachers of their day and our own. We do not call him an unthinking person. If he were so, it would hardly be worth our while to examine the merits of his poetry at all; but it is undeniable that the natural bent of his mind led him to see what was emotional, far more clearly and readily than what was, strictly speaking, intellectual, in any subject of his contemplation. This is very like saying that he was a poet; but while all poetry occupies itself with the emotions of men rather than with their thoughts, the highest is concerned as often and intimately with the emotions that are mingled with thought or passion, as with those that are mingled with sentiment. Leigh Hunt, on the other hand, generally neglects both the passionate and reflective emotions for the sentimental. But, although he leaves the deepest part of our nature untouched by any verse of his, he still remains a genuine poet. He has a thorough poetic insight into that part of the human mind with which he deals. His own feeling is that of a singularly genuine and healthy mind, if not a very deep-rooted one; and his delicacy of touch in expounding that of others is exquisite. His sympathy, indeed, with the most intricate workings of *feeling* is so true, and so admirably does he often penetrate to the source in human nature of its complexities, as almost to atone for his deficiency in fervour of passion.

If a poet abandons the vigorous outward life of the world for the delineation

of an inward and spiritual life, he must be content with a comparatively small band of admirers; for he will find them only among those who are not altogether incapable of reflection. If, like Leigh Hunt, he chooses delicate feeling for his province, he necessarily limits his audience still more narrowly. It was one of the earliest achievements of criticism, to trace the pleasure which the imitative arts produce in the representation of what the spectator is conscious of as actually or possibly existing on himself. It is clear, therefore, that, the more universal the emotion with which a poet is dealing, the more general is likely to be the appreciation of his work. But the readers are rare indeed, who are able to perceive, in their own bosoms, the kind of sentiment which Leigh Hunt delineates most fondly, and most successfully. It is curious, for example, to compare Sir Walter Scott's *Lay of the Bloody Vest* with Hunt's treatment of the same theme in the *Gentle Armour*. Our readers will probably remember that the subject is one of those strange fantastic feats of chivalry which to a sensible common-place period are quite unintelligible. Sir Walter does not try to interest his readers by giving any modern colouring to the motive: but thews, and sinews, and fighting are universal. He knows better than any one since Homer how to make these effective; and then he throws himself and us so thoroughly into the character of the time and the story, that we have no temptation to think of anything that is fantastic in the nature of the theme. Certainly it never occurred to Sir Walter, in his gallant chivalrous sympathy for a "good lance," to regret that the cultivation of brute force should be uppermost in his lay, or to be shocked at the disposition of his princess, who could speculate on such a tribute to her vanity. But these are precisely the points in the story which offend Leigh Hunt. In order to avoid them, he gives a different "turn to the incidents and a new colour to the sentiment." Leigh Hunt's knight is loyal and brave, and his lady-love is beautiful and good. The lady

has a cousin, who possesses the former of these qualities, but not the latter. This cousin has been "blazoned for what" indeed she was, by a young lord "over his hippocras," and is so unfortunate as to fail in persuading her kindred to avenge the insult. The lady applies to her knight, and entreats him to chastise the slanderer; but he, unluckily, is a great deal too truthful to draw sword in any cause but a good one. He gives his beloved to understand that, since he believes the charge against her relation to be true, it is impossible for him, with any regard for his own veracity, to challenge the accuser as if it were false; and, with many sighs, and prayers for a good construction of his conduct, he is forced to decline the combat. The lady does not appreciate such nicety as this, accuses him of cowardice, and, with great grief and humiliation, contemptuously dismisses him. Both of them of course are properly miserable. The slanderous young lord is equally unable to understand the matter; and at length begins to talk of one cousin almost as disrespectfully as of the other. The knight hears this new scandal with anger, but with anger not unmingled with joy. He is now able to fight, for he is not fighting for a lie; he challenges the young lord, and implores his lady's pardon, and a token of her grace. She is still contemptuous, and sends him in return no word or sign, but a packet, which he finds, on opening it, to contain—a shift. This he wears instead of armour at the tournament that follows; he performs prodigies of valour, slays three antagonists, and is wounded almost to death: the lady tends and restores him; and, at length, by no ungenerous command of her lover, but from the sweetness and nobleness of her own nature, she wears, in a self-imposed penance, the tattered shift for her bridal dress.

Now the sentiment of all this is true, and, as we have already said, it is delicately and skilfully evolved: but it is curious and subtle; mankind are not generally moved by considerations so nice; and we suspect that neither the courage

and truth of our knight, nor the delicate generosity of the lady, are likely to find much sympathy, or, indeed, any perfect comprehension in the coarser natures of most readers. The *Gentle Armour*, it is right to add, is not among the best of Hunt's poems; but it illustrates, aptly enough, his habit, in treating such themes, of approaching human nature on the side that will seem to the generality of men the least interesting and the least effective.

A still more striking example of the same turn of mind is to be found in the most widely known, and most ambitious, though not the most successful of Hunt's poems—the *Story of Rimini*. A poet's success or failure must be estimated by his own aim, and not by another's. It is no blame to Hunt that he has not attained what it was not his object to attempt. Even when he takes a subject from the *Inferno*, it is no blame to Hunt that he is not Dante. If he is careless of the one precept—*semper ad eventum festina*—which no tale-teller in verse or prose can ever disregard with impunity; if he now and then forgets his story altogether, for the sake of a pretty description; if he perpetually withdraws our minds from his lovely, miserable, betrayed bride, to the pleasant man of letters who is talking about her; it is fair criticism to point out these faults, and to condemn them. But if, in dealing with a story such as this, he elicits the sentiment of the theme only, and does not seek to portray the passion, that is a characteristic of his manner: it is not a blemish. It is true that he has little of that dramatic intensity which is almost inseparable from our associations even with the title of his poem—so little, that he actually pauses in the very height of his catastrophe to explain to us why he keeps the most terrible circumstances of the tragedy out of sight. Nay, it is true that any one who would weep or tremble at the story of Francesca must hear her tell it herself in the Second Circle. No reader of Leigh Hunt will swoon for very grief, or fall down even as a dead body falls.

But he has merits of a different kind, that are not less admirable; and only dulness of sensibility can hide them from the readers of the *Story of Rimini*. His treatment of the old triad—husband, wife, and lover—is original and touching; no other writer has disposed or coloured that time-honoured group in precisely the same way; and, if more powerful pictures have occasionally been produced from similar materials, there is none more graceful or tenderly melancholy. We are interested in Francesca, not merely by the influence of her own charms and sweetness in contrast with the hideousness and harshness of her lord, but by the miserable wrong she suffers from at the opening of the tale. There is no use in asking how far the moral aspect of the threefold group we have just mentioned is affected in this way. The important thing is, that the reader's sympathy is enlisted from the first in Francesca's favour. The elaborate cunning with which she is snared into an unhappy marriage disarms the severest moralist; and her grace, and gentleness, and sensibility, her resignation, and sense of injury and wounded pride, are combined so skillfully, and the growth of the fatal love so delicately indicated, that even when the mention of Launcelot, and the famous "That day they read no more," remind us for the first time of the great and unapproachable original, the only reflection that dangerous memory brings with it excludes at once all idea of comparison. For this is a different Francesca, we are fain to assure ourselves, from her who wails in those dolorous regions where Helen, and Semiramis, and Cleopatra, are scourged for ever by black winds, and where Dante listened with such pity to her tale. But the portrait of Francesca, beautiful as it is, is not more successful, certainly not more characteristic, than that of her husband. Much as we may admire them, we cannot be surprised at the fine and ethereal lineaments of the heroine. This is what any poet would have aimed at producing. But none but Leigh Hunt would have thought of

touching springs of character that are equally delicate in the violent and unlovely assassin. No less sensitive intelligence than his could possibly have detected the features out of which he constructs the character of Giovanni.

"Not without virtues was the Prince. Who is? But all were marred by moods and tyrannies.

Brave, decent, splendid, faithful to his word,
Late watching, busy with the first that stirred,

Yet rude, sarcastic, ever in the vein
To give the last thing he would suffer—

pain,
He made his rank serve meanly to his gall,
And thought his least good word a salve for all.

Virtues in him of no such marvellous weight
Claimed towards themselves the exercise of great.

He kept no reck'ning with his sweets and sour—

He'd hold a sullen countenance for hours,
And then, if pleased to cheer himself a space,
Look for th' immediate rapture in your face,
And wonder that a cloud could still be there,
How small soever, when his own was fair.
Yet such is conscience, so designed to keep
Stern central watch though fancied fast asleep,

And so much knowledge of one's self there lies

Cored, after all, in our complacencies,
That no suspicion touched his temper more
Than that of wanting on the generous score:
He overwhelmed it with a weight of scorn,
Was proud at eve, inflexible at morn,
In sport ungenerous for a week to come,
And all to strike that desperate error dumb.
Taste had he, in a word, for high-turned merit,

But not the patience, or the genial spirit;
And so he made, twixt daring and defect,
A sort of fierce demand on your respect,
Which, if assisted by his high degree
It gave him in some eyes a dignity,
And struck a meaner deference in the small,
Left him at last unloveable with all."

The sensibility to all that is refined in human feeling and character, rather than to what is strong and passionate, which shows itself so curiously in thus assigning the worst qualities of this villain to those more delicate regions of human nature which were most comprehensible to himself, betrayed itself not quite so happily in the original catastrophe of his poem. The prince, whose worst wickedness is made to spring from an entire want of generous feeling, be-

comes generous, courteous, and noble in his revenge, and pronounces, with great feeling, over the corpse of the brother he has just slain, a very beautiful and touching parody of the lamentation of Sir Bors over Sir Lancelot. No doubt this is very pretty; but it is false to his own view of the character: and, even if it were otherwise, the attempt to treat murderous frenzy with grace and elegance is hopelessly feeble. The catastrophe, as it now stands, is Dante's, and it is true; and even the grace and elegance are not altogether wanting, when, passing beyond the actual murder, we come to the pathetic conclusion of the whole. Here, these qualities are in their place, and therefore they are touching. Nothing of this nature is finer or more pathetic than the sad procession with which the poem closes, when the two lovers, borne on one bier, "towards Ravenna hold their silent road" through the dreary autumn weather—their company a melancholy remnant of the sprightly and glittering train which had followed them in that other procession, so different in its splendour, and so like in its misery, with which the poem begins. But this is only the external manifestation of the true tragic irony which redeems the *Story of Rimini* from the charge of being merely a pretty poem. The piteous contrast between the rejoicings with which the old man, Francesca's father, celebrates the triumph of his policy, and the terrible calamity that policy has brought upon himself and his child, springs from a true feeling of what is deepest and saddest in the course of human things—the blindness and presumption of men and the mockery of fate.

But, after all, it is not on the *Story of Rimini* that we rest Hunt's claims to the bay. A judicious admirer is certain to talk and think with far more affectionate familiarity of *Abou Ben Adhem*, *Godiva*, *Jaffaar*, and the like. These poems, in the first place, are comparatively free from small faults and petty mannerisms; but that is a

trivial advantage. They are the fruit of a riper intellect, a wider knowledge, and a deeper humanity, and are remarkable also for a manly simplicity which is rare in modern poetry, and not very common in Leigh Hunt. *Abou Ben Adhem* is fresh for ever in the memory of all who have once read it. *Godiva* it may appear rash to quote; for *Godiva* has been treated by Tennyson, and it is dangerous to place Hunt's workmanship by the side of his. In the present case, however, we think that the comparison is by no means disadvantageous to the inferior poet. It is certain that Hunt himself had some such impression. In writing to the friend to whom his own poem is dedicated, he says, after praising "The Lord of Burleigh," that Mr. Tennyson has not, as he conceives, been so successful with the subject of *Godiva*. "That, I conceive—with wonderful error for so true a poet—he mistook the spirit of, substituting indeed the gross letter instead, and parading the naked body. And, as one mistake brings another, he violated even the most obvious probability and matter-of-fact, making poor *Godiva* absolutely come naked down the stairs of her own house, and sneak, without any necessity, from pillar to post in consequence, when it is clear that she would have done as anybody would do in like circumstances, or as she herself does when she goes to bathe, keep herself wrapped in something till the last moment. Pardon this most involuntary difference with a fine writer, and accept my little inscription." We do not agree in this criticism. It seems to Hunt that Tennyson and his readers are most perversely imitating Peeping Tom in this case, and misusing the faculty of vision. We do not think so. We dare affirm that no picture more touching, or appealing more purely to the imagination, has been painted even by Mr. Tennyson. Nevertheless, we do not fear to print the following beautiful lines, even with Tennyson fresh in our memory:—

GODIVA.

INSCRIBED TO JOHN HUNTER.

" John Hunter, friend of Leigh Hunt's verse,
and lover of all duty,
Hear how the boldest naked deed rises clothed
in saintliest beauty.

" Earl Lefric by his hasty oath must solemnly
abide ;
He thought to put a hopeless bar, and finds
it turned aside ;
His lady, to remove the toll that makes the
land forlorn,
Will surely ride through Coventry naked as
she was born.
She said, ' The people will be kind ; they
love a gentle deed :
They piously will turn from me, nor shame
a friend in need.'

" Earl Lefric, half in holy dread, and half in
loving care,
Hath bade the people all keep close in peni-
tence and prayer.
The windows are fast boarded up, nor hath
a sound been heard
Since yester eve, save household dog, or latest
summer bird.
Only Saint Mary's bell begins at intervals
to go,
Which is to last till all be past, to let obe-
dience know.

" The mass is said ; the priest hath blessed
the lady's pious will :
Then down the stairs she comes undressed,
but in a mantle still.
Her ladies are about her close, like mist
about a star ;
She speaks some little cheerful words, but
knows not what they are.
The door is passed ; the saddle pressed ; her
body feels the air ;
Then down they let, from out its net, her
locks of piteous hair.

" Oh, then how every listener feels the pal-
frey's foot that bears !
The rudest are awed suddenly, the soft and
brave in tears ;
The poorest that were most in need of what
the lady did,
Deem her a blessed creature, born to rescue
men forbid.
He that had said they would have died for
her beloved sake,
Had rated low the thanks of woe. Death
frights not old heart-ache.

" Sweet saint ! no shameless brow was hers
who could not bear to see,
For thinking of her happier lot, the pine of
poverty.
No unaccustomed deed she did, in scorn of
custom's self,
She that but wished the daily bread upon
the poor man's shelf.

Naked she went to clothe the naked. New
she was and bold,
Only because she held the laws which Mercy
preached of old.

" They say she blushed to be beheld e'en of
her ladies' eyes ;
Then took her way with downward look and
brief bewildered sighs.
A downward look ; a beating heart ; a sense
of the new, vast,
Wide, open, naked world, and yet of every
door she passed,
A prayer, a tear, a constant mind, a listening
ear that glowed,
These we may dare to fancy there on that
religious road.

" But who shall blind his heart with more ?
Who dare, with lavish guess,
Refuse the grace she hoped of us in her
divine distress ?
In fancy still she holds her way, for ever
pacing on,
The sight unseen, the guiltless Eve, the
shame unbreathed upon ;
The step that upon Duty's ear is growing
more and more,
Though yet, alas ! it has to pass by many
a scorner's door."

From some other poems, quite as
remarkable for nobility of thought, and
power, and grace of expression, we se-
lect one inscribed to Mr. Forster :—

THE INEVITABLE.

" The royal sage, Lord of the Magic Ring,
Solomon, once upon a morn in spring,
By Cedron, in his garden's rosiest walk,
Was pacing with a pleasant guest in talk,
When they beheld, approaching, but with
face
Yet undiscerned, a stranger in the place.

" How he came there, what wanted, who
could be,
How dare, unushered, beard such privacy,
Whether 't was some great spirit of the
Ring,
And if so, why he so should daunt the King
(For the Ring's master, after one sharp gaze,
Stood waiting, more in trouble than amaze)
All this the courtier would have asked ; but
fear
Palsied his utterance as the man drew near.

" The stranger seemed (to judge him by his
dress)
One of mean sort, a dweller with distress ;
Or some poor pilgrim ; but the steps he took
Belied it with strange greatness : and his
look
Opened a page in a tremendous book.

"He wore a cowl, from under which there
shone
Full on the guest, and on the guest alone,
A face, not of this earth, half veiled in gloom
And radiance, but with eyes like lamps of
doom,
Which, ever as they came, before them sent
Rebuke, and staggering, and astonishment,
With sense of change, and worse of change
to be,
Sore sighing and extreme anxiety,
And febleness, and faintness, and moist
brow,
The past a scoff, the future crying 'How?'
All that makes wet the pores, and lifts the
hair,
All that makes dying vehemence despair,
Knowing it must be dragged it knows not
where.

"Th' excess of fear and anguish, which had
tied
The courtier's tongue, now loosed it, and
he cried,
'O royal master! sage! Lord of the Ring!
I cannot bear the horror of this thing;
Help with thy mighty art. Wish me, I pray,
On the remotest mountain of Cathay.'

"Solomon wished, and the man vanished.
Straight
Up comes the Terror, with his orbs of fate.
'Solomon,' with a lofty voice said he,
'How came that man here—wasting time
with thee?
I was to fetch him, ere the close of day,
From the remotest mountain of Cathay.'

"Solomon said, bowing him to the ground,
'Angel of Death, there will the man be
found.'

The other poems we have alluded to
as peculiar are, of all he has written,
the most unalloyed with imperfection.
Hunt appears to have united two gifts
which are rarely, we suspect, possessed
in common; for he had what is called a
fine ear for music, as well as a fine ear
for the harmonies of words and verses.
The result is that his poems of
which music is the subject are not,
perhaps, unrivalled—for the wonderful
"Music's Duel," of Crashaw, is worthy
to be named with them—but, at all
events, unsurpassed in the force and
reality with which they express the
variety, power, and beauty of musical
sound. We have not forgotten Milton
and his far-off curfew—

"Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;"

but, with the exception of these and one

or two other exquisite *lines*, he has con-
tented himself, like other poets, with
describing the effect of music. He has
not thought of reproducing it in words,
and making the music itself present to
the ear of his readers as, in his picture
of Dalilah, she is presented to their
eyes. This is the almost impossible
task which Crashaw in the poem we
have named, and Leigh Hunt in the
Fancy Concert, have attempted; and in
which both of them have admirably
succeeded.

A young author's first work, it has
been said, indicates his previous studies
and pursuits. Putting the uncongenial
politics of the day out of the ques-
tion, the favourite subject of Hunt's
meditation had been literature, and
especially poetry; and therefore, when
he came to write a poem for himself, he
chose both persons and theme from the
world with which he was most familiar—
not from England and the nineteenth
century, but from the land of romance
and of the poets. These are regions
into which, if we except some unhappy
persons who are ignorant of their own
misery, most men are permitted to
make some short and flying incursions.
Here was one who lived there con-
stantly and familiarly; more constantly
and more familiarly than many a loftier
bard who had penetrated more deeply
than he into that world of marvel. For
what is most striking in the life and the
works of Leigh Hunt is this—that the
feelings which move him to express
himself in poetry are just those which
he carries with him always through the
cares and enjoyments of daily life. No
one can read much of his prose, no one
can read his Autobiography, without
becoming certain that he differs from
other men, even from great poets, when
we contemplate their lives, and not
their work; principally in that—

"their better mind
Is like a Sunday's garment then put on
When they have nought to do: but at their
work
They wear a worse for thrift."

With him it is otherwise. Other
poets may soar higher; but his highest

and purest feelings are not confined to the upper air. They do not desert him upon earth. Shut up in prison, or loitering in Pall Mall, or in a garden of flowers, or contemplating a noble action, he is always the same; his fancy and his sympathy equally lively. The best illustration, therefore, and by far the best criticism of his poetry is to be found in his prose. There we acquire a friendly familiarity, which discloses to us a thousand beauties which even an attentive reader of the poetry merely is too certain to miss: nay, we acquire a dangerous familiarity, which makes the very mannerisms which criticism condemns neither unmeaning nor altogether unlovely.

There is still another reason, and a better one, for reading Hunt's prose

along with his poetry. The great lesson to be learned from him, is that which is indicated in the quotations we have made from Mr. Carlyle. A refined, if not a very vigorous imagination, an exquisite sensibility and susceptibility, a certain southern warmth and colour, a brilliant, beautiful harmonious nature, strangely united with the manly energy, the "passionate diligence" which, in his case, ennobled the life which presents most temptation to effeminate idleness, the trying and difficult career of literature; this is the character we see manifested in the writings of Leigh Hunt. Some of these qualities are charmingly displayed in his poetry. The highest and noblest can be seen nowhere but in the Autobiography.

K. R.

PHOTOGRAPHY FOR TRAVELLERS AND TOURISTS.

BY PROFESSOR POLE, F.R.S.

It is the natural wish of most persons who visit a new locality to bring back pictorial representations of the scenery; and this want is usually met in one of two ways—either by published views or by sketching. In well-frequented places, published views are generally to be had, and command a large sale; and the accuracy of these publications has of late been much increased, and their circulation much promoted, by the more general introduction of landscape photography, and the great increase of its professional practitioners.

But the facility of obtaining views in this way is not without its drawbacks. In the case of engravings, both the accuracy and the artistic merit may be anything but satisfactory; ordinary photographs, though they must be tolerably true, may not represent the particular objects, or show them in the particular way the purchaser may desire; and it need hardly be said that there are vast numbers of localities visited by both travellers and tourists, particularly the

former, where neither engravings nor photographs are to be found, and of which it is, for that very reason, most peculiarly desirable to get accurate views. To meet these difficulties, the only resource has usually been hand-sketching. Now, the power to sketch well is undeniably one of the greatest advantages that a traveller can possess; but, unfortunately, though drawing is now one of our stock school accomplishments, only a small minority of those who travel are able to transfer efficiently to paper what they see; and even in favourable cases, though clever and artistic pictures may be produced, the faithfulness of the representations must always be more or less uncertain.

Doubtless, the idea must often have occurred to almost every traveller, what an advantage it would be if he could himself take photographs, where he likes, of what he likes, when he likes, and how he likes. But such an idea must soon have been dismissed, from the supposed incompatibility of this

with ordinary travelling arrangements. The usual notion of photographic operations comprehends a fearful array of dark rooms, huge instruments, chemical paraphernalia, water, and mess, which no sane person, out of the professional photographic guild, would think of burdening himself with on an ordinary journey, and which only a practised adept could use if he had them; and so the idea of a traveller's taking views for himself on his tour is generally dismissed at once as an impracticable chimera.

Now, it is the object of this article to show that such a view of the matter is a delusion, and that any traveller or tourist, gentleman or lady, may, by about a quarter of an hour's learning, and with an amount of apparatus that would go into the gentleman's coat pocket, or the lady's reticule, put himself or herself into the desirable position we have named.

It is not our intention to write a treatise on photography; but we must state generally what the operations are, in order to make our explanations intelligible.

The process, then, of taking a photographic picture consists essentially of three main divisions, namely—1. Preparing the plate; 2. Taking the picture; and 3. Developing the image; and the most common and best known arrangement of these is as follows:—A glass plate of the proper size is coated with collodion, and made sensitive to light by dipping in a bath of a certain solution. It is then, *while it remains moist*, placed in the camera obscura, and exposed to the image formed by the lens; after which, *but still before the plate has had time to dry*, it is taken out, and treated with certain chemicals which have the property of developing the image so obtained. The plate is then what is called a "negative;" from which, after it has been secured by varnish, any number of impressions, or "prints," may be taken at any time.

Now, it will be seen, by the words we have printed in italics, that, according to this method of operation, the whole of the three parts of the process must be

performed within a very short space of time; and, since the first and third require to be done in a place to which daylight cannot enter, a dark room, supplied with a somewhat extensive assortment of chemical apparatus, must be provided *close to the place* where the picture is taken. This method, from the necessity of the plate remaining moist, is called the *wet* process. It is always employed for portraits, and has the advantage not only of great beauty of finish, but of extreme sensitiveness, requiring only a few seconds' exposure in the camera.

The wet process was the first, and, we believe, for some time, the only collodion process in use. But, in a happy moment, it occurred to somebody to inquire whether it was really indispensable that the plates should be kept *moist* during the whole operation; and it was found that, by certain modifications of the process of preparing them, they might be allowed to *dry*, and that some time might elapse between the preparation and the exposure, as well as between this and the development. The immense advantage this promised to landscape photography led to extensive investigation; and several processes have now been perfected which will secure this result. Plates may be prepared at any convenient time and place, and may be carried about for months, ready for use at a moment's notice; and, after the picture is taken, they may also be kept some time before development. The only price we pay for this advantage is the necessity for a little longer exposure in the camera; which, for landscapes, is of no moment at all.

The bearing of this discovery on our more immediate subject will be at once apparent, as it gets rid of the necessity of providing, on the journey, for the preparation and development, with all their cumbersome and troublesome apparatus, and limits what is necessary to the simple exposure, or taking of the picture. And another advantage of still more importance follows from this—namely, that the plates may be prepared and developed,

not only in another place, but by another person. The knowledge, care, and skill required for photography, as well as the stains and all other disagreeables attending it, refer almost exclusively to the preparation and development; the exposure to take the view is an operation of the simplest kind, which anybody may learn in a few minutes, and which is attended with no trouble or inconvenience whatever.

Limiting, therefore, the traveller's operation to the taking of the picture, let us consider what this involves. The first question which affects materially the portability of the necessary apparatus, is the *size* of picture to be taken. We are accustomed to see very large and beautiful photographs of scenery and architecture; but these would be impracticable for the traveller, as the dimensions of the plate increase so materially every portion of the apparatus. Differences of opinion and of taste may exist as to the degree of inconvenience it is worth while putting up with; but the writer of this paper, after considerable experience, has come to the conclusion, that the smallest size in ordinary use—namely, the *stereoscopic* plate—is by far the most eligible one for travelling. The object is not to make large and valuable artistic pictures—that we must always leave to the professional man—but it is simply to preserve faithful representations; and this may be done as well on the small as on the large scale, and with infinitely less trouble. For, though the size is small, the delicacy of detail procurable with well-prepared plates, even in a large extent of view, is something marvellous, as may be easily seen in some of the magnificent stereoscopic views that are to be had in the shops; besides which, the stereoscopic effect gives an air of reality to the view which greatly enhances the value of the representation.

The camera for taking stereoscopic views has now been reduced, by ingenious contrivances, to a very portable size. The one used by the writer is nine inches long, five and a half inches wide, and three inches high—about the dimensions of a good-sized octavo

book. It weighs a little over two pounds, and hangs by a strap round the neck in walking with no inconvenience. The stand folds up into a straight stick, which is carried easily in the hand. A stock of eight plates, in slides ready for use (sufficient generally for a day's operations), go into two folding pocket cases. The tourist can thus walk about without the slightest sense of incumbrance, and is prepared, at any moment, to take a perfect stereoscopic view of anything he sees—an operation which will occupy him from five to fifteen minutes, according to the light, and the time he may take to choose his position.

Considered as adding to the baggage of the traveller, these things are hardly worth mentioning—as, with the exception of the stand (which travels well in company with an umbrella), they will all lie snugly in a spare corner of a portmanteau. Of course, however, a stock of plates must be added. A dozen of these, with appropriate packing, will occupy about eight inches long, four inches wide, and one and a half inches high; and from this the space occupied by any number it is proposed to take on the journey may be easily estimated. Suppose there are five dozen—a pretty fair allowance—these, with camera and all complete, will go into a very portable hand-box, or into one of the small black leather bags now so common.

If the operator chooses to go to a little extra trouble, it is highly satisfactory to be able to *develop* the plates on the journey—which may conveniently be done in the evenings, at a hotel or lodging; and the apparatus for which adds very slightly to the bulk of the preparations. A small case of bottles, 5 inches square and 2½ inches thick, together with one or two small loose articles, are all the author takes with him. The development of a plate takes five or ten minutes, and is a process easily learnt; and the satisfaction of being able to see, the same evening, what one has been doing in the day, is quite inducement enough to do it. But still, we repeat, this is not *necessary*, as the development may be left to another person and to another time.

We think we have shown how every traveller or tourist may be his own photographer, with much less trouble and difficulty than is generally supposed; and we must add that this is no untried plan. The writer of this article has been much in the habit of travelling; and, for years past, when he has gone on a journey, the little camera has been put into the portmanteau, as unassumingly and as regularly as the dressing-case. It has travelled in all sorts of countries, and has cast its eye on scenes which camera never looked at before; it has been a never-failing source of interesting occupation and amusement, and has recorded its travels in hundreds of interesting views, some of much excellence, and very few otherwise than successful.

But it may be asked, Since the advantage and usefulness of this plan are so undeniable, how is it that we do not see it in more frequent use? Simply for the reason that the dealers in photographic apparatus have never yet had the enterprise to establish a manufacture and sale of dry prepared plates, in such a way as to insure their popularity.

The manufacture and sale of photographic apparatus and chemicals is now becoming a very large branch of commerce; but many of the large numbers of tradesmen who prosecute it appear to have a much more earnest view towards the profits of the business than to the advancement of the art—for, since the death of poor Mr. Archer (to whom we owe almost entirely the present state of photography, and who lost a fortune in its improvement), nearly every advance made has been by private individuals. We must not be misunderstood. There are many people who profess to sell dry plates, and these may often be found to possess many of the requisites they should have; but few can be depended on, and *none* combine all the qualities which are necessary to give the system the full benefit of its inestimable value. Some will not keep long enough before exposure; some will not keep at all after exposure; some fail in sensitiveness; some spoil soon after they are

opened; to say nothing of the constant liability to stains, irregularities, blisters, and all sorts of troublesome and annoying defects, which not only spoil the operator's work, but—what is of more importance—destroy all reliance on his operations, and so discourage him from undertaking them. We are not sure whether some dealers may not be obtuse enough even to encourage defects, from the short-sighted notion of increasing the sale; but this we can say—that we know no maker who will guarantee the sincerity of his wish to make good plates, by consenting to allow for them if they turn out bad ones. If this state of things arose from imperfection in the art, we should not grumble, but could only urge improvement; but this is not so. It is well known that dry plates *can* be made, satisfying all the conditions we have named, and which, with care and system in the manufacture, might be rendered thoroughly trustworthy. It is only the indolence or obstinacy of the trade that prevents their becoming regular articles of commerce.

We do not wish, however, to discourage the traveller who may wish to adopt this admirable aid to his wanderings; for the object to be gained is so important that it is worth striving a little for. In the present state of the matter, he must either learn to prepare his own plates—which, after all, is no great exertion—or, if he buys them, he must at least learn to *develop* them, and must, at the same time, lay in with them a certain stock of patience and temper to meet disappointment; and we can assure him that, even at this price, he will find himself amply repaid. But we again urge that the case ought not to stand thus. The application of the dry processes to portable photography offers a boon almost inestimable to, but yet quite unappreciated by, the traveller and the tourist; and it only needs the zealous and earnest co-operation of the dealer, by so conducting the manufacture as to render it perfect and trustworthy, to raise this application into a branch of commerce of an extent, importance, and profit, little inferior to any in the trade.

SONNET.

EVENING ON THE PIER AT BURLINGTON.

A LITTLE gladsome world was gathered there
 To watch the sun down, breathe the generous air,
 And spend a careless hour. Amongst them one
 Sullen at heart for something evil done :
 He felt no love, no joy. The scene so fair
 Taunted his very soul ; it said, " Despair !"
 He sat or walked, quite sick of life, alone.
 Just then he saw a stir—What might it be ?
 He looked. A pilot-boat came bounding by
 From the stone-locked pool forth to the broad gray sea ;
 He saw the steady hand, the forward eye
 O' the brave steersman. *Then* was he glad again
 To live, a man amongst his brother-men !

THE HISTORY OF A HOSPITAL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least
 of all these little ones, ye have done it
 unto Me."

THOUGH this paper is headed with a text, it is by no means meant as a sermon, least of all a charity sermon ; being simply a record and statement of facts, which, in their sharp unvarnished outline, preach their own homily. It is intended to give, without any embellishment of fancy or glamour of sentimental emotion, the history of a hospital, of sufficiently recent date to make that chronicle possible, credible, and capable of proof, by any who will take the trouble of investigation.

Previously, however, let a word be said about hospitals in general. Many persons are in the habit of viewing them solely as charities, which is a great mistake. Charitable purposes they undoubtedly fulfil to the individual, but they are of equal importance to the community at large. Would that every

poor rich sufferer, lying in as much ease as can be given him on his restless bed, knew how much he owes of relief—possibly even life—to the skill and experience learned at those forlorn hospital beds, where all the mysterious laws of disease are carefully studied, worked out into theories, and tested by incessant observation of cause and result, on a scale much wider, more complete and satisfactory, than any private practice could ever supply ! Would that all of us, who at some time or other, either for ourselves or those dearer than ourselves, have known what it was to live upon every look of "the doctor" — to recognise him as the one human being who is all-important to us, on whose talent, decision, caution, tenderness, hangs everything most precious to us in this world—would that all could understand how much of that which makes him what he is, has been gained within those long dreary

ranges of many-windowed walls, dedicated to physical suffering, and consecrated by its hopeful and merciful alleviation!

But the hospital now to be written of has remarkably few of the painful characteristics of its class, as will be shortly shown. But, first, we have to do with its history, beginning from the very beginning.

On the 30th of January, 1850, nine gentlemen, two of whom were of the medical profession, met to consider whether it was not possible to establish in London a Hospital for Sick Children. They believed that, besides the great benefit of such an institution to a class which could with difficulty find admission to ordinary hospitals, it would supply a desideratum long wanted in London, though well provided for in foreign cities—namely, an opportunity for studying infantile diseases. These—every mother and nurse knows, or ought to know—are so sudden, so fluctuating and mysterious in their nature, so difficult of diagnosis and treatment, and often so fearfully rapid in their fatality, that they furnish a distinct branch of medical science, the importance of which can hardly be sufficiently recognised. For people forget that on the health of the growing-up generation hangs that of generations more; also that it is not merely the alternative between life and death, but between wholesome, happy, enjoyable life, and the innumerable forms of death in life, which an unhealthy or neglected childhood entails upon the innocent sufferers to the end of their days.

These nine gentlemen, deeply conscious of this fact, and anxiously desirous to remedy it, prepared an appeal, which, appended by letters from various eminent physicians, should, it was agreed, be disseminated as widely as possible. Afterwards, to satisfy inquiries and answer objections, a second meeting was held, and a second appeal prepared. This, signed by several well-known members of the medical profession, was forwarded to all their brethren in town or country.

For a whole year they laboured silently; laying carefully the foundation-work of their plan by observation and inquiry in all directions, at home and abroad—one of their number spending some time in investigating similar hospitals in foreign cities. At length the result of all this came to light in a public meeting, which was held on March 19, 1851, Lord Shaftesbury—then Lord Ashley—being chairman.

Within a fortnight afterwards the committee found and took a large old-fashioned house in Great Ormond Street—once the residence of the notable Dr. Meade. But "*festina lente*" was still their wise maxim; and it was eleven months more before the Hospital for Sick Children was definitely opened, to admit—one little girl!

"She was the first that ever burst
Upon that unknown sea,"—

across which so many frail little vessels were afterwards to be safely piloted. Poor little girl! Her name and what became of her, history chronicleth not. Imagination might paint the forlorn wee face in its neat bed, sole occupant of the magnificent room which beauties swam through, and gallants danced through, in the old days when Bloomsbury was the fashionable part of London. But, as we said, we do not mean to deal either with the poetical or the picturesque.

After this, many influential people took up the children's cause. Charles Dickens—brilliant as large-hearted—advocated it by tongue and pen; the Bishop of London and Lord Carlisle said many a good word for it. Little money was gained thereby, but much sympathy and kind encouragement; also the best impetus that can be given to a really good cause, aware of its own value,—publicity. By-and-by the first annual report appeared, announcing as patroness of the Children's Hospital the highest mother in the realm, and then definitely stating its objects. These were: "1. The medical and surgical treatment of poor children. 2. The

"attainment and diffusion of knowledge regarding the diseases of children. 3. The training of nurses for children."

It is a notable report, inasmuch as it so frankly states the imperfections and difficulties of the scheme.

"At first it seemed as if a Children's Hospital were not needed; for so few were the applicants, that during the first month only twenty-four were brought as out-patients, and only eight received as in-patients. The hospital had its character to make among the poor. Before long, greater numbers of children were brought as out-patients, but their mothers often refused to let them be taken into the hospital; and only by degrees learned to place full confidence in its management, and to believe that those who asked for their suffering little ones were indeed to be trusted with so precious a deposit."

This answers an objection that has been urged against children's hospitals, infant schools, public nurseries, and the like; namely, that the mother is the only and best guardian of the child, in sickness and in health. Undoubtedly, when such care is possible. But a sick child in a rich man's well-ordered comfortable nursery, or even in an ordinary middle-class house, is in very different circumstances from a sick child in a poor man's one room—inhabited by other children and adults—full of noise, confusion, and dirt, with perhaps a drunken father, or a mother so worn with want, and passive with misery, that "if it please God to take it, poor lamb!" seems rather a desirable possibility than not. There can be no question that the quiet clean ward of a hospital, with a good skilled nurse, instead of a broken-down, ignorant, or careless mother, is a good exchange—under the circumstances; and in that, as in many other conjunctures of human life, we have to judge, not by possibilities, but actual circumstances—to choose, alas! not an unattainable good, but the least of two evils.

Year by year the history of the hospital progresses. Out-patients increase

enormously: in-patients are still limited by the want of sufficient funds. Nevertheless, as the list of subscribers swells, and one or two legacies fall in, the number of tiny beds is added to by twos and threes. We notice another prudent peculiarity, only too rare, viz. that the official staff is kept down to the lowest limit conducive to the proper working of the charity. Reading over the items of expenditure in the yearly reports, it is plain to see that not a shilling has been spent unnecessarily.

The cause becomes gradually more known. Among the list of donors we begin to find more than one touching line, such as "A Thanksgiving," "Thank-offering for the recovery of sick children"; rich parents who have secretly poured out their full hearts in that best of gratitude to the heavenly Father—the helping of His suffering poor, whom we "have always with us." And even the poor themselves go not away thankless; for we find in the report for 1856 that a "Samaritan Fund" is started, to provide destitute children with clothing on quitting the hospital, and that this fund has been "almost entirely supported by the spontaneous bounty of the friends of the out-patients. Boxes have been placed in the out-patients' waiting-room, and the poor frequenting it have shown their sense of the value of the hospital by their unsolicited contributions. Since the formation of the fund in May, the average weekly receipts have exceeded seventeen shillings—a large sum, when we call to mind the great distress that the present cost of provisions has inflicted upon the poorer classes."

Slowly and steadily affairs brighten. At one time, when the capital of the charity was reduced to 1,000*l.*, a festival, at which Mr. Charles Dickens made one of his beautiful and touching speeches, produced the sum of 2,850*l.*, out of which 500*l.* came from an "anonymous benefactress."

Still the committee maintain their prudent carefulness. They "beg to assure subscribers that they have no desire, even if they had the means,

"to erect a splendid edifice enriched with architectural adornments; for the present site would furnish, at no great expense, all that they desire for the full realization of their plan of forming a hospital with one hundred beds for sick children." And in the following year they see their way towards purchasing the adjoining house and garden, making a communication between. This enables them to establish a convalescent room, so that those recovering may no longer disturb the patients really sick; and a separate room for the nurses, where they can take their meals, and enjoy a little of that indispensable pause in their labours, without which the strongest and tenderest woman becomes worn-out at last.

More space, also, allows the committee to carry out their third intent—the training of young women as sick-nurses; to whom they offer a home within the hospital, at a charge of six shillings per week for board and lodging. And the ground floor of the new house is converted into an infant nursery, after the pattern of the Paris "*crèches*," where the poor working mother, who is obliged to leave her child during the day, may leave it in safety and comfort, sure that it will be well fed, warmed, and tended, for the small payment of from twopence to fourpence a day, according to age and diet. This, also, is to be a training-school for young girls as nursery-maids; the committee feeling that "to show how children should be treated in order to keep them in good health, is hardly alien to the main purpose of the institution—the restoring of them when sick."

The year 1860 records a further step in the usefulness of the hospital—the delivery, by its physician and surgeon, of gratis lectures on the diseases of children. These were attended by more than a hundred of the medical profession, and have been repeated since. And now comes the ninth and latest annual report. By it we find that the idea originated by that handful of kind-hearted gentlemen has developed itself into an established charity: not wealthy,

indeed, but able to keep its head afloat among the innumerable other charities of the metropolis. Its example has been followed: similar hospitals for sick children have been started in the provinces, and in the city of Edinburgh especially. Meantime, the parent institution is able to provide 52 beds, which are only too constantly filled, for in-patients, and medical care for 10,000 out-patients yearly. Out of its Samaritan Fund of 91*l.* 18*s.* 1*d.*, it has clothed within the year 127 children, besides sending others to Brighton, and to Mitcham, in Surrey, where homes are provided for the poor little convalescents, who otherwise must vanish into noisome streets and crowded alleys, where their frail spark of renewed health would soon be totally extinguished. On the whole, the committee feel and acknowledge that they are a successful institution.

Now success is a curious thing. Unsuccessful people do not believe in it; they attribute it to "chance," or "luck," or "circumstances." Yet, since "there can be no effects without a cause," surely if a man, or an undertaking, fails repeatedly and hopelessly, may it not be just possible that there is some hidden cause for the same? Possibly a fault—maybe, only a misfortune; but still some tangible reason which accounts for failure. And, on the other hand, if a man or his doings are successful, is it not common sense, as well as common charity, to admit that possibly he deserves to succeed? There is no injustice, but a solemn necessity in the Parable of the Talents. The doctrine, "From him that hath little shall be taken away, even that which he seemeth to have," is paralleled by the equally solemn truth, "Unto whom much is given, of him much shall be required."

This hospital, which had lived through so much difficulty into a time of comparative success, seemed worth going to see; and the present writer went to see it. I dislike passing out of the impersonal third person into the intrusive and egotistical "I;" but it is the simplest way of stating what I did see, and

what any lady can see for herself, if she chooses, at 49, Great Ormond Street, Bloomsbury. I went there on a dull December day, a day that will never be forgotten by the present generation; when all business was suspended, all shops closed, and churches opened; when everybody looked sad, and spoke with bated breath, often with gushes of tears, of the widowed mother whose two young sons were that day standing over their dear and noble father's open grave. But this is a subject impossible to write about. From the highest to the lowest, all England felt the grief which darkened last Christmas-tide as if it had been a personal family sorrow; and therefore, when the bells had ceased tolling, and in the heavy grey afternoon people stood about in groups along the shut-up streets in a Sunday-like quietness, talking mostly of the honoured dead who had, by this time, been buried out of sight, and of "the poor Queen," and "the children," as if she had been everybody's sister, and they everybody's children—it seemed hardly an unsuitable time to visit a house of sorrow, as a hospital must, more or less, always be.

Only a small proportion of the well-to-do and fortunate portion of society is likely ever to have seen the interior of a hospital: once seen, it is a sight burnt into memory for life. But the room which we entered, or rather the suite of rooms—making the drawing-floor of those banished nobilities who had once inhabited Great Ormond Street—was very unlike the ward of an ordinary hospital. It was rather like a spacious night-nursery, with neat little beds scattered about; warm, cheery fires, with a couch on each side the fireplace; and a few children lying or squatting about, or sitting up in their pallets, quietly playing with toys, reading books, doing bead-work. Some, too ill for either work or play, were stretched mournfully, yet peacefully, on their pillows—solitary, it is true, but without giving any impression of dreariness or forlornness. The rooms were airy, light, and warm: there was

nothing whatever of the hospital feeling and hospital atmosphere.

Yet suffering is suffering—always painful to witness. I cannot even now recall the impression given by those rows of tiny beds—neat and clean, nay, pretty, as they were—each tenanted by a poor wee face and form, wasted, often distorted, always unchildlike—marked by every gradation of diseasedness rather than mere sickness, for there is a difference;—I cannot, I say, call to mind this picture, without the ever-recurring question, *Why should such things be?* But it is not our business to puzzle ourselves over the great mystery why evil is in the world, but to lessen it as much as lies in our power—which, by an equal mystery, it is continually put into our hearts, and wills, and capabilities to do. Could this be doubted, looking on those piteous wrecks of childhood, from which every trace of the beauty, charm, and sweetness of childhood was gone, yet of which the nurses were taking such motherly care, speaking so kindly, and soothing so patiently, though the latter was hardly required?

"How exceedingly good they all seem," was noticed—as, indeed, no one could help noticing, who was at all acquainted with the difficulty of managing sick children, their extreme restlessness, fretfulness, and general "naughtiness"—poor little lambs! who have not yet learned the hard lesson of maturity, endurance without end.

"It's curious, ma'am," replied the nurse, "but they almost always are good. The amount of pain some of 'em will bear is quite wonderful. And they lie so patient-like; we hardly ever have any crossness or whimpering. Maybe, it is partly because, considering the homes they come from, they find themselves so quiet and comfortable here. But, unless they're very bad, they scarcely ever cry. Poor little dears!"

There were tears in the woman's own eyes—God bless her! She, like one or two more of the establishment, had been there from its commencement. She was evidently a great favourite, and a most important person. Her little patients,

we heard, when discharged cured, continually came back to see "Nurse," and the hospital; looking upon it as a pleasant, happy home, instead of a place to be shuddered at and avoided.

Another peculiarity I noticed as much as the patience of the children—that the nurses seemed to have their hearts in their work. Without a single exception, every official I saw connected with the place seemed to take a personal interest in it, and to work for love as well as for necessity. No doubt, this arises from the strong influence exerted by the heads of the hospital over all its employees, and from the care taken that all these employees should be women of character, and capability fitted for their duties. It seemed here exactly as it is in a household, where you can usually judge not only the servants by the masters, but the masters by their servants.

The little patients were all under twelve years of age, that being the limit allowed, though no doubt it is frequently transgressed by parents eager to get their children in—and without fear of discovery; for the small stunted creatures looked, nearly all of them, greatly below that age. Few were labouring under acute illness; their complaints seemed mostly chronic, the result of "poverty, hunger, and dirt," or of constitutional congenital malady, manifesting itself in the innumerable forms of bone and joint disease, ulcerations and abscesses, brain and lung disorders, and all the long train of ills for which apparently there is no remedy but death.

This fact struck me in appalling confirmation of a state of things which physiologists have lately begun to think of sufficient moment to be written of in books, considered in social science meetings, and even adverted to in *Times'* leaders—the weak state of health into which, in this age, all classes seem to be sinking. In the lowest class this condition of body is often combined with disease so radically and hopelessly confirmed, that its perpetuation becomes frightful to contemplate. Looking from bed to bed of these miserable little abor-

tions of childhood, one was tempted to believe that it might be a merciful Providence which would sweep away of a sudden half the present generation, if by that, or any means, healthy fathers and mothers might be given to the next.

But this is a subject which involves so much, that I had better leave it alone, for wiser handling. One thing, however, lies in the power of every man—still more of every woman—to alleviate this melancholy condition of things, by acquiring and spreading, so far as each one's influence extends, sanitary knowledge, and sanitary practice. Here, beyond its medical limits, the Children's Hospital necessarily works. It is impossible but that each patient, and each parent or friend that comes to visit the patient, should carry away, consciously or not, an idea or two on the subject of cleanliness, ventilation, tidiness, and *comfort*—that indescribable something which the working-classes so seldom strive for, not merely because they have not the money to get it—money does not necessarily bring it—but because they literally do not know what it is. It will probably take another century to make poor people understand what in the last century even rich people were atrociously ignorant of—that a breath of fresh air is not immediately fatal; that skins were made to be washed every day; that dust and dirt and foulness of all kinds carry with them as much deadly malaria as if you took so many grains of arsenic and administered the same to your household every morning.

But I am becoming discursive. Let us proceed to the boys' ward, which is on the second floor, above the girls', and precisely similar in size and arrangement. Here, too, are the same characteristics—long-standing diseases rather than accidental sicknesses; the same patient look on the wasted faces; the same atmosphere of exceeding but not dreary quietness. One boy, whose restless eyes seemed to follow us more than the rest, I stopped and spoke to, asking if he were comfortable?

"Oh, yes, quite; but I am strange here. I only came in on Saturday."

And there came a choke in the voice, but he gulped it down, and put on a sort of a smile, and acquiesced in the wish that he might soon get well and come out again, with a pathetic courage which doubled the hope that he would.

There were many convalescents, the nurse said, but they were scattered about the wards, and not in their proper room, which was being adorned with evergreens and paper roses for a grand Christmas entertainment, to which every little patient, whom it was at all safe to move, was to be brought down on a sofa, to share as much as possible in the general enjoyment.

"We don't leave any out if we can help it—it's only a little bit more trouble, and they like it so. We take them away again before they get overtired. We think it rather does them good, to get a little bit of pleasure."

As doubtless it does to the hardworked nurses, who seemed preparing for the festival with a hearty good-will, and a surprising taste and ingenuity. They quite regretted, and we too, that we saw the preparations incomplete, and could not regale ourselves with the *tout ensemble*. It was a little bit of brightness, pleasant to contrast with the constant anxiety, labour, and suffering, which must necessarily be the normal condition of a hospital.

From the convalescents' room, which is in the second house, we passed to the public nursery, to which other rooms there are devoted, pending the time when the finances of the institution will allow of converting the whole into sick wards. There, penned in something like a sheep-fold, half-a-dozen infants were crawling, and a dozen more sat in tiny arm-chairs, ranged in a fixed circle, at the centre of which was a young nurse amusing them to the best of her power. A mysterious arrangement, something between a swing and a tweedle, occupied the one side of the room; on the other, several bigger children were having what appeared a very satisfactory game of play. In an inner apartment, a row

of bassinets, some empty, some occupied, indicated possibilities of sleep, doubtless attainable even in that noisy room. But noise was a blessing. There was health here. Most of the children looked uncommonly fat and flourishing, and one of them, who had recognised and stretched its arms to one of the nurses, to be taken up, on being declined, set up a most unmitigated and wholly satisfactory howl, that was quite refreshing.

The fever ward, isolated at the house-top, we did not visit; but the matron took us down to the basement story, and explained all its appliances. Her numberless presses, arranged with a method, exactitude, and perfect neatness that was quite a treat to behold, and would warm the heart of all tidy house-keepers and orderly mistresses,—her culinary arrangements and statistics,—were all politely revealed. Above all, her "Samaritan" cupboard, where we saw shelf after shelf filled with children's clothes, systematically arranged, so that they could be got at at a minute's notice. And, beside it, still unpacked, was a large parcel which had just come in from a Lady Somebody, containing cast-off clothing from the little great people which would be invaluable to the poor ones.

"We shall get several more such bundles," said the matron cheerily; "we always do at Christmas-time, and I hope there will be inside of them plenty of little flannel petticoats, and flannel night-gowns, for we want these things worse than all. Sometimes the poor little creatures are brought to us with scarcely a rag upon their backs; I wish charitable ladies only knew how much we want cast-off clothes—we can hardly get too many."

Certainly not; and it is such an easy thing to give that which costs nothing but a moment's kindly thought. Surely many a mistress of a large household, or mother of a large family, might follow the example of Lady Somebody?

And so, for it had now grown dusk, and the cook was busy sending up the extensive tea of both patients and nurses, my first visit ended.

It was out of my power to do what several lady visitors, formally appointed, are now doing; visiting the wards every week, making acquaintance with the children, bringing them toys, and picture-books; finally, when they go out of the hospital, following them to their homes, and trying to influence for good, both them and their parents. But, two months after, I contrived to pay an unpremeditated solitary little visit, to see if the second impression justified the first.

The day was one of those bright afternoons in early March, when children inaugurate the return of spring by having tea by daylight; when, if about four o'clock you take a walk through a country village, or even a London suburb, the air seems full of a distant murmur of children at play in the lengthening twilight. It makes you feel, you know not how, as if your life were like that dawning year, to begin all over again; and brings back, for a minute or two, the sensation of being a little child, going out to play before bedtime, and ignorant that there is anything in the world except tea and play. Even when I went up into the ward of the Children's Hospital, this influence of spring seemed to be felt: a warm lilac-tinted sunset was shining into the room, penetrating to every bed, and, I doubt not, making its occupant a little more cheery, a little less weary and suffering.

It was tea-time, and each table had its cup of milk-and-water, and its plate of bread and butter, most of which I was glad to see fast disappearing. One little girl, who had a few days since undergone amputation of the foot, had craved for "a tart," and the question had been compromised with bread and jam, which she was munching with great gusto, apparently as much to the nurse's delight as her own.

Here, as in the boys' ward afterwards, I observed one cheering fact—the faces were all new. Hardly a case which I had noted two months before, and I noted some rather carefully, was now in the hospital. They could not all have died; indeed, I understood there had been few

deaths lately; therefore they must have gone out cured, or at least somewhat better. It was hardly credible, remembering how severe some of them were; but the extraordinary vitality of nature in the young might account for it. And it was a very hopeful sign of the good the hospital was doing.

Another was the convalescent-room; where, of mornings, a certain amount of school-teaching is given to those who are able for it; but now teaching was over for the day. As soon as the door was opened, there burst forth—not, alas! that joyous "hullabaloo," which deafens and gladdens the mother of healthy children on opening her nursery door, but still a very respectable shout of play.

"You're all getting better, little people, I see."

"Oh yes!" was the response; and half-a-dozen white, but still merry faces, looked up beamingly.

"What were you playing at?"

"Hide-and-seek!—Puss-in-corner!"—was variously shouted, as they began jumping about—feebly, indeed, but with plenty of life in them still.

I think any mother who has watched by the bedside of her sick child for days, or weeks, or months—still more, any mother who has knelt by the coffin of her dead child, would have turned away with her heart full, and said, "Thank God!"

Doubtless, this is the sunny side of the subject. Alas! there is another side to it;—of cureless evil, or only temporary alleviation of ills which can never be removed so long as their causes remain; so long as the diseased children of diseased parents struggle into life, and struggle through it, beset by every form of physical and moral degradation.

But, sad as this condition of things is, it is capable of remedy, and everybody can help to mend it a little. Men can legislate wisely concerning it, investigate the worst evils, and consider about their possibilities of cure. Women can use their influence at home, and a little way beyond it, as do the lady-visitors of this hospital. And, perhaps, even children,

if they were told of a house like this, where poor little boys and girls like themselves, lie all day sick, with nothing to amuse them, might be none the worse for putting aside a spare toy, or a picture-book, as mamma puts aside an old frock, or a half-worn pair of shoes, with the thought, "We'll send it to the Children's Hospital."

I meant not this to be a charity sermon—I hope I have not made it such—but confined it strictly to facts, which

speaking for themselves; yet I cannot help ending it as I began it, with that sentence which is the Alpha and Omega of all true charity, without which benevolence, so often thanklessly and cruelly repaid, gets weary of its work, and energy sinks hopeless, and the warmest hearts grow chilled, or hardened, until they remember what the Master says:—

"Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of all these little ones, ye have done it unto ME."

A VISIT TO MARSTON MOOR, MAY, 1862.

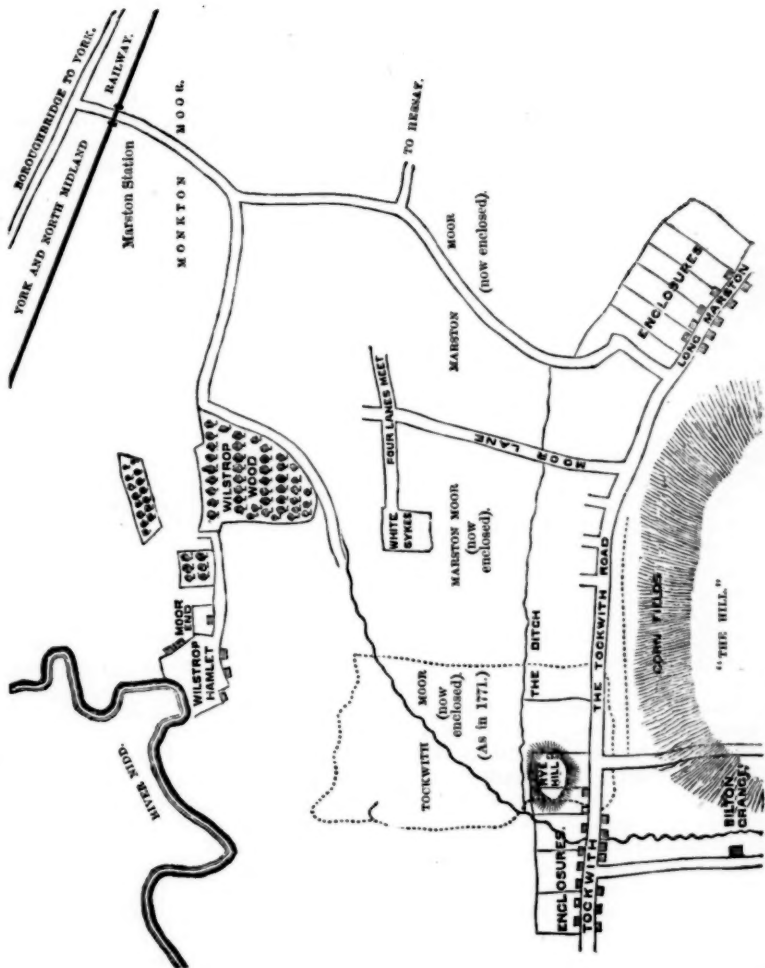
BY HERMAN MERIVALE.

THE two bloodiest battles ever fought on English ground and between Englishmen, took place in the plain south-west of York, and within a few miles of each other. The first on that snowy Palm-Sunday of 1461, at Towton, when Edward, at the head of his southern army, discomfited the Lancastrians of the north with such a slaughter, that Southey was almost justified in his laureate-like vaunt—

"Half the blood which there was spent
Had sufficed to win again
Anjou and ill-yielded Maine,
Normandy and Aquitaine."

The second in the long Midsummertwilight of July 2, 1644, when Fairfax and Rupert, tired of manœuvrings for which neither had genius nor appetite, met on Marston Moor to have it out, like two schoolboys in the "fighting-ground," and left some four thousand British dead as the evidence of their brilliant, but unnecessary valour. The name of Marston Moor appeals, perhaps, more to the imagination than that of any other field of our great civil war: partly from a certain amount of poetry and romance which has been expended on it; partly because it was (though indirectly rather than directly) the most important action, and turning-point of the contest; while at the same time

its features are very confusedly represented in ordinary narratives. This is owing in great measure to the brief and fierce character of the struggle, which, with its many changes of fortune, was fought out between seven o'clock and night: somewhat also to the want of historians. All the penmen were absent: Clarendon with the King; Whitelock in London; Ludlow in the south; all too distant to get accounts of the engagement, except from hearsay some time after. We have the stories of some eye-witnesses, such as the Reverend Mr. Ashe, chaplain with Lord Manchester's force; the Scottish Captain Stuart, who gives the Presbyterian version; Leonard Watson, scoutmaster to Oliver Cromwell, who tells his tale in a way satisfactory to the Independents; and the unfortunate Royalist, Sir Henry Slingsby, who afterwards died for his cause on the scaffold. Sir Henry lived close by, at Red House, in Moor Monkton, and his notices of the ground, with which he was so familiar, are valuable. There is also Fairfax's own modest and spirited account; and a few rather indistinct passages cited by Eliot Warburton, in his "Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers," from the so-called "Diary of Prince Rupert." But each witness saw only that portion of the battle-piece in which he was him-



self engaged; no practised writer of the day took the trouble to condense and analyse the narratives. Modern accounts, says Carlyle, are "worthless;" poor Eliot Warburton's only a spirited romance. But an exception must now be made for Mr. Sanford ("Studies and Illustrations of the Great Rebellion") whose accuracy in describing the ground I have had occasion to test, and whose copious historical narrative can scarcely be more than abridged. Some portions of it, however, are not easy to understand, and some of his authorities seem questionable.

The readiest approach to the battlefield at this day is from Marston station, six miles from York, on the Knaresborough line. Hence a lane leads for about two miles S.S.W. until it strikes the village of Long Marston. It passes over ground which in the time of the civil wars was unenclosed, and formed part of a large tract of level waste, partly marshy and partly sandy, but affording firm footing for cavalry at midsummer; known in various parts of it by the names of Marston, Tockwith, Hessam, and Monkton Moors. Westward from this lane lies the scene of action.

The lane ends at the western extremity of Long Marston; a straggling place, as its name implies, built along a road running nearly east and west; that is, nearly at right angles to the said lane. It is a village more pleasing to the eye of a member of the Anti-quarian Society, than of a sanitary reformer. Its detached, poor-looking red-brick cottages, with thatched roofs higher than the walls, its two or three granges, alehouses, and blacksmiths' shops, present an appearance very little different from that which they must have exhibited to Fairfax's troopers: nay, many of them have doubtless stood with little change since the battle. From the west end of Marston, the road (or, rather, broad country lane) continues in the same direction, a little north of west, for nearly a mile and a half, until it reaches Tockwith, another straggling hamlet. Going from Marston to Tockwith, the visitor has

on his left (south) a slightly rising ground: this is the "hill" of the contemporary narratives, on which the Parliament's army was drawn up. This rising ground is covered now, as it was then, with corn-fields; but now inclosed, then "open arable." In its higher part, a field, with a single conspicuous tree, called Clump Hill by the neighbours, served, according to tradition, as a head-quarters for the rebel leaders. On his right (north), the traveller has the square inclosures which occupy the level ground, formerly the moor.¹ And the road in question (which we will call, for brevity's sake, the Tockwith Road) pretty nearly divides what was arable from what was waste.

At about a quarter of the distance from Marston to Tockwith, a green lane, called "Moor Lane," diverges to the right. It enters at once on the *quondam* moor, crosses a deep ditch, provincially "foss," at one or two hundred yards, and comes shortly after to an open space called Four Loams' Meet, which seems to have been left as a *carrefour* at the time of the inclosure. Beyond this, and at the distance of a mile northward from the nearest point of the Tockwith Road, a wood of a few acres of tall trees catches the observer's eye: this is Wilstrop or Wilsthorpe Wood, much mentioned in the accounts of the battle. And now, if we draw a line from Marston to Tockwith, and lines from the west end of Marston and east end of Tockwith respectively, to the southern end of Wilstrop Wood, we shall describe a triangle, not very far from equilateral, within which boundary the field of battle of that Second of July is nearly confined.

¹ The exact division between moor and field it is not easy to trace. It is important in the account of the battle, because the Royalist line was protected in front by the enclosure, ditch, &c. which constituted this division. In Griffiths' large Map of Yorkshire (1771) Marston Moor proper is represented as enclosed; but large tracts of unreclaimed ground remain, called Poppleton, Hessey, and Tockwith, Moors. The last contains a considerable portion of the field of battle, and extends even a little to the south of the lane here called the Tockwith Road.

In order to make its history intelligible, it is necessary to recapitulate briefly the events which led to it. Three Parliamentary armies—Lord Leven's Scotchmen, the northern force of Lord Fairfax and his son Sir Thomas, and the Earl of Manchester's levies from the associated counties—were besieging York. It was defended by the King's chief adherent in the North, the Marquis of Newcastle, "a very respectable commander for an amateur;" with a garrison raised chiefly by his own efforts, and at his own expense. Rupert came from Lancashire—holding, much to the Marquis's disgust, the king's commission as general—to relieve the place, if possible. The rebels moved from their leaguer to intercept him, and took post on Marston and the adjacent moors; commanding the roads leading westward, both to Wetherby and Knaresborough. But Rupert, by a manœuvre, for the cleverness displayed in which his best friends would not have given him credit, having advanced from the west by the Wetherby Road, instead of attacking the enemy, executed a flank movement to the left, crossed the Ouse at Poppleton, and entered York by its left bank, to the great satisfaction of townsfolk and garrison. Here he remained a day; which he and the Marquis made as uncomfortable by their dissensions as they could. Meanwhile, the Roundhead chieftains were still less agreed. To keep together twenty-six thousand men, Scots, Presbyterians, and Zealots, (as the new Cromwellian soldiery were beginning to be styled), was no easy task. The English wanted to fight; the Scots were for leaving Rupert in possession, and marching southward. And (as usual in councils of war) the most peaceful suggestion prevailed. By the middle of the second of July, they were moving from Marston, south-westward, over the open corn-fields; the van of the Scotch had almost reached Tadcaster, when the news suddenly arrived that Rupert had marched out of York in pursuit of them, and had drawn up his *battalia* on the ground abandoned by them, namely, on Marston Moor, in

a line of nearly two miles in length. Then the rebel leaders took brief counsel together; the army halted, faced about, and soon occupied in battle array the northward slope of "the hill" toward the Tockwith Road: a slope then covered with rye nearly ripe, which almost rose to the soldier's faces.

If Napoleon's maxim, that one bad general is better than two good ones, be of any value, the odds were greatly against the Parliamentarians; for Newcastle, though sorely grumbling, could not but respect Rupert's commission, whereas the Roundheads had half a dozen generals at least. The Fairfaxes, father and son, always "stood together in their chivalry," and may be counted as one; but they had no control over Leven or Manchester; while the two latter were sorely "hadden down," as the Scotch express it, by their respective subordinates, David Leslie and Cromwell. But Rupert is alleged by strategists to have committed two great mistakes. The first was in fighting at all. Had he left the Roundheads to continue their march, it is probable that their own dissensions, and the loss of *prestige* consequent on their retreat from York, would have broken up their force "without hand." To this charge, Rupert's invariable answer was, by showing a letter from the king, which, according to some biographers, he kept in his pocket for that purpose to his dying day; but which letter, duly considered, seems rather a warrant for fighting than an absolute order. His second alleged mistake was, that he waited for the enemy on Marston Moor, instead of taking the initiative, following them in their march on Tadcaster, and delivering on their rear or flank such a blow as that administered by Wellington to Marmont, at Salamanca. But when we examine the question and the ground, this accusation must in fairness be withdrawn. Rupert could hardly have ventured on so bold a move with his own force only (scarcely 16,000 strong), and that of Newcastle was not on the field until the evening. Nor was Rupert himself. What detained him? Alas!

the prosaic cause which makes so many a gallant enterprise "lose the name of action." Rupert was money-bound, in York. We learn this, much the most probable solution of the question, from Arthur Trevor, a lively special correspondent of that day, whose letters are to be found in "Carte's Life of Ormonde." "The army," he says, "continued with-
"in the play of the enemy's cannon till
"five at night, during all which the
"prince and marquess were playing the
"orators to the soldiers in York (being
"in a raging mutiny in the town for
"their pay), to draw them forth to join
"the prince's foot, which was at last
"effected, but with much unwilling-
"ness." Newcastle himself seems to have partaken largely in this unwillingness, but his better spirit prevailed; he swallowed the affront of submission, and followed his leader to the field, like a grand seigneur as he was, in his coach and six.

It was drawing towards sunset, therefore, when the prince arrived on the moor. Up to this time, nothing had passed except an occasional interchange of cannon-shot, and a skirmish for the possession of a "rye-hill," which it is not easy to identify. It must not be confounded, as even Mr. Sanford seems to confound it, with the great "rye-field" occupied by the main forces of the Parliament. It lay probably a little north of the Tockwith road, and near the west end of the position. The Royalist army, though on the lower ground, was well posted. Its right rested on the enclosures in front of Tockwith, its left on those about Marston; in front it had the enclosures between the moor and the open corn-fields, and along most of the line a deep and wide ditch, so wide that it was in part filled with musketeers, serving as a natural trench. The land having been subsequently enclosed and drained, it is not easy to identify this important feature in the accounts of the engagement. Mr. Grainge, in his "Battles of Yorkshire," supposes it to have been a drain or foss, which he calls the "White Syke;" but this, if

the Ordnance Map be correct, would place it too far to the north, thrusting the front line of the Royalists much too far back. There is another cut between this and the Tockwith road, and nearly parallel with the latter, which *may* represent the "ditch" in question. The rebels, on the other hand, occupying the brow of the south hill, had, according to Master Ashe, the advantage of the sun (though this could not be much, facing as they did N.N.E. in the evening of a midsummer day), and certainly of the ground.

As to numbers, we may venture on the following estimate as probable:—Royalists—16,000 foot, 7,000 horse; all English, except a troop or two of tremendous "Irish papists," held in utter fear and aversion by their godly enemies. Roundheads—19,000 or 20,000 foot, 7,000 horse; more than a third probably Scotch.

When finally drawn up on both sides, the armies presented something like the following disposition: in describing which, I shall venture to borrow the peaceful nomenclature of the post-office, instead of encountering the endless confusion of language occasioned by using the description of "right and left wings."

On the west, the Parliamentary line was bounded by a "cross ditch," which I take to be the stream flowing down from Bilton past the east end of Tockwith village; west of this were only a few Scottish dragoons under Colonel Frisell.

Then followed—

WEST :	
Cromwell's and Manchester's horse, with three Scotch troops under Leslie; opposed to	Byron's horse, Irish horse, Rupert's life guards.

WEST CENTRE :	
Manchester's foot.	Rupert's foot.

EAST CENTRE :	
Fairfax's foot.	Newcastle's foot.

EAST :	
Fairfax's horse.	Goring and
Lord Leven's horse.	Urry's horse.

Besides reserves of foot on both sides.

Some twenty or thirty field-pieces on each side played against each other a while, but with little effect. "They" (the Puritans), says Slingsby, "after" four shots, give over, and in Marston "corn fields fall to singing psalms." One of the Royalist shot, however, mortally wounded Cromwell's nephew, young Walton, concerning whom Oliver's touching and soldier-like letter may be read in Carlyle. It is very observable, that though Marston and Tockwith must have both been defensible villages, with garden walls and enclosures, no

¹ The proportion of horse was even greater in other actions of the civil war. At Naseby the king had 5,000 horse to only 4,000 foot. At the second battle of Newbury, Ludlow saw 7,000 horse and dragoons in one body on the side of the Parliament—the largest, he says, which he ever observed in the war; out of an army of 16,000. Compare these figures with those of modern warfare. Generally speaking, the cavalry in a pitched battle vary from a fifth to a tenth of the whole force. At Waterloo, where the cavalry played a great part, those of the French were 12,000 out of a total of 75,000: those of the British and allies about the same in proportion. It would, probably, not be now easy to assemble 15,000 horsemen, even in Yorkshire, in a single action.

These battle statistics tend to prove, what other circumstances would lead us to believe, that the number of horses bred in England was much larger in proportion to the population in the seventeenth century than now. In truth, though we are waudering rather far from Marston field in making the remark, the reader of history will find it necessary to make much correction in the current statements respecting the enormous increase which has taken place since that time in agricultural produce. Figures, in the hands of able arithmeticians, like Mr. Macculloch, for instance, germinate into the most prolific deductions; and if we were to swallow in the mass, and without digesting, their several calculations of the increase of acreage under cultivation, the increase of imported produce, the multiplication of produce on every cultivated acre, the multiplication of animals, the doubling of the size of every animal, and so forth, we should find ourselves inevitably driven to account for the consumption of the inordinate mass of provisions which we have thus created, by supposing that every Englishman eats twice or thrice as much as his forefathers. Macaulay, who had a tendency to depreciate the social condition of past times, went so far, in his famous "Chapters on England in the Reign of Charles the Second," as to indorse the loose statements of the writers of the day, that

attempt seems to have been made to secure either. In an encounter between modern armies, they would have been esteemed the "keys of the position," and taken and retaken half a dozen times in the day. Such was not the strategy of those times; they fought more willingly in the open, in order to employ their cavalry, which was then used in far larger proportions than in modern warfare,¹ as well as from deficiency in military skill, which, at least until Naseby, was of the lowest order. The nobility and higher gentry of Eng-

half of England was waste, consisting, in his picturesque expression, of "moor, forest, and fen," and that "a fourth of England has been in little more than a century turned from a wild into a garden!" Now, the whole surface of England and Wales amounts to 37,000,000 acres. Of these it was calculated, thirty years ago, that 7,000,000 were waste. The quantity of land inclosed under Acts of Parliament from 1760 to a few years ago was less than 7,000,000 acres. It is a large conjectural allowance to add 1,000,000 for inclosure between 1680, Macaulay's stand-point, and 1760. But of these 8,000,000 a very large proportion were not inclosed from the waste, but merely converted from "common field" into severalty; that is, they were cultivated already, though in a less productive way. Estimate these as one-half (probably too low), and the whole amount recovered from the "waste" in the time in question will not exceed 4,000,000 of acres, or about one-ninth of the surface of the country; while, on the other hand, the great increase of towns, and of regions once rural, and now wholly abandoned to manufacturing or mining industry (as in Warwickshire and Staffordshire), has taken from the plough some extent of domain which then was subject to it. Nor will the statistics of consumption, when tested by common sense, lead us to any different conclusions. The population in Charles II.'s reign did not much exceed a fourth of its present amount. But it must be remembered—1. That the return of the soil per acre was undoubtedly much less considerable than now. 2. That the whole population was fed on home produce; whereas now, including importations from Ireland and Scotland, a very large proportion of our consumption is supplied from abroad. 3. That the whole population was clad in articles (woollen, linen, leather) manufactured from home produce, whereas almost the whole of the raw produce of which its clothing is made is now produced abroad. 4. That England not only then supplied herself, but was, *communibus annis*, an exporting country, to some extent, of corn, cattle, and wool. 5. That the comparatively numerous horses then kept required a comparatively large area to produce their

land, which furnished leaders to both parties, produced only a succession of brave blunderers; the captains, trained in the Dutch and German wars, on whom these leaders relied for support, proved, for the most part, as Macaulay remarks, extremely inefficient; the business was carried on by a succession of purposeless onslaughts and skirmishes all over the country, and, had it not been for the ultimate operation of the "self-denying ordinance," it is difficult to see, on military grounds, how it could ever have come to an end. Those times, fertile as they were in warlike incident, produced only four men with any pretensions to generalship, and those of very different degrees—Cromwell, Montrose, Monk, David Leslie—of whom two were Scots. Ireton might be added, "*si quæ fata aspera rumpat*;" but he had not the opportunity to conquer fame.

It was now seven o'clock, when the Puritan leaders, having completed their dispositions, descended from their vantage ground to charge Rupert's line at once, along the whole length of the edge of the moor from Marston to Tockwith. For the purpose of recognition, they wore white ribbons or bits of paper in their hats: the Royalists fought without band or scarf. "Our army moving down the hill," says Master Ashe, "was like thick clouds, having divided themselves into brigades, consisting of 800, 1,000, 1,200, 1,500 men a piece; and some brigades of horse, consisting of three, and some of four troops." But on most parts of the line the Royalists did not wait for the charge, but met it midway. The shock of some forty thousand men, horse and foot, burning with zeal and rendered furious by delay, meeting breast to breast on a line a mile and a half in length, must be left rather to the imagination than collected from meagre nourishment. If all these circumstances be fairly weighed, it seems to follow that both the amount of produce and the productive surface of England two centuries ago were very much larger than statisticians or historians who dwell exclusively on "progress" have supposed.

fragments of narrative. "The most enormous hurly-burly of fire and smoke, and steel-flashings, and death-tumult," saith Carlyle, "ever seen in those regions." It must have been like the desperate encounter of that not dissimilar day when the Scots King James led his army through the mist and smoke, down Flodden bent, to charge Surrey's force along its whole front; when, in the words of him who could depict the animal joy and drunkenness of battle better than any other since Homer,

"Such a shout was there
As if men fought on middle earth,
And fiends in upper air:
O, life and death were in that shout,
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
And triumph and despair."

The violence of that collision, as of two massive bodies meeting, was such as to crush and pulverise at once both the opposing forces. We just get a glimpse of them joining battle in complete array, and the next shows them scattered, broken, straggling across moor and field, on both sides, in utter bewilderment. Only the few who succeeded in keeping their ranks are left to finish the day's work.

"There were three generals on each side," writes Principal Baillie, "Lesley (Alexander, Lord Leven), Fairfax (the old Lord), and Manchester. Rupert, Newcastle, and King (Newcastle's second in command). Within half an hour and less, all six took them to their heels; this to you alone." And see farther, the description of the scene by Arthur Trevor, whom we have already quoted; he was engaged in a vain search over the field for Prince Rupert:—

"The runaways on both sides were so many, so breathless, so speechless, and so full of fear, that I should not have taken them for men, but by their motions, which still served them very well; not a man of them being able to give me the least hope where the prince was to be found; both armies being mingled, both horse and foot, no side keeping their own posts. In

"this horrible distraction did I coast the country, here meeting with a shoal of Scots, crying out 'Wae's us, we are all undone,' and so full of lamentations and mourning, as if their day of doom had overtaken them, and from which they knew not whither to fly. And anon I met a ragged troop reduced to four and a cornet; by and by a little foot officer, without hat-band, sword, or, indeed, anything but feet, and so much tongue as would serve to inquire the way to the next garrison, which (to say the truth), were well filled with the stragglers on both sides within a few hours, though they lay distant from the place of the fight twenty or thirty miles."

Such was the general aspect of the field in half an hour from the commencement of the battle; but, in recounting more particularly what took place in each section of it, the narrator is under the unavoidable disadvantage of describing as successive, incidents which in truth took place along the whole line simultaneously.

1. On the extreme west, Cromwell, with Manchester's horse, and David Leslie's three troops, came, as our local baronet, Sir Henry Slingsby, says, "off the cony-warren, by Bilton Bream;" that is, he must have descended "the hill" nearly along the line of a lane leading from Bilton, and joining the Tockwith road just at the entrance into Tockwith. The ditch in front was here a formidable obstacle, well lined, as it was, with musqueteers. It might have tried the steadiness even of the Ironsides to pass it in order; but they were spared the trouble by the folly of their opponents. Lord Byron, abandoning his vantage-ground, charged, with his horse, across the ditch, was met in full tilt by Cromwell, beaten, and driven back in confusion over his own slaughtered musqueteers, and across the ditch again. "In a moment," says Oliver's scoutmaster Watson who was in this charge, "we were past the ditch on to the moor, upon equal terms with the enemy, our men joining in a running march." Another portion seem somehow to have

turned the ditch. One more hard tussle with Grandison's horse and Rupert's life-guard followed. Cromwell himself was slightly wounded; and then the right wing of the Royalists was irrecoverably broken. The "poor Irish Papists" were nowhere; we hear nothing farther of them. The fugitives "fled along Wilstrop Wood side," says Slingsby; that is, seemingly, along the south-eastern edge of the wood, where there is a way conducting in the direction of the Ouse, at Poppleton. Part of Cromwell's cavalry followed, and did execution on the fliers, even as far as the Ouse; the remainder formed again on the ground, and rallied around them such of their foot as were serviceable.

2. On the west centre there was "a plain," says Captain Stuart, between Manchester's foot and the enemy; the obstacles of ditch and hedges were slighter; and here the fighting seems to have been indecisive; but Manchester's foot maintained their ground, though himself abandoned the field.

3. But on the east centre, Fairfax's foot had to use a lane, with inclosures on each side, in which only three or four could march abreast (says Stuart), as their line for entering on the moor. There are two or three ways, turning off from the Tockwith Road on the north, which might answer this description; but Sanford supposes, and I think with reason, that it was "Moor Lane," already described. Here the advancing Yorkshiremen were picked off by the musqueteers on both sides of the way; those who struggled to the end of the lane met with "the ditch," and, on the other side of it, Newcastle's famous foot regiment of "white-coats," whom his lordship had lately new clothed in uniform of undyed cloth, whence they were popularly denominated his "Lambs." These brave fellows had been levied, not from among the marquis's tenantry as stated in popular accounts, but in the border counties; many of them (as his duchess tells us) "bred in the moorish grounds of the northern parts." As fast as the head of Fairfax's column debouched on the moor, its files

were knocked down or beaten back by these white-coated opponents, until at last they were driven in confusion towards their *right* hand, to increase the disorganization of all that side of the Parliament's army.

4. For, on the east, and close to Marston village, the horse of the Cavaliers had utterly beaten Lord Leven's Scottish cavalry, had ridden through his and Fairfax's infantry, and chased the broken remnant all up the corn-fields, even to the top of "the hill." Seldom was a completer example made, than of the poor Covenanters on that day. But Walter Scott—in whom the instinct of antiquarian genius, which made him reproduce the past with unequalled vividness, was mingled with a most poetical and hopeless habit of inaccuracy as to particulars—makes Bertram Risingham, in "Rokeby," lie like a trooper, when he tells Oswald that—

"Many a bonny Scot, aghast,
Spurring his palfrey *northward*, past,
Cursing the day when zeal or meed
First lured their Lesley o'er the Tweed."

It is difficult to say what could have dictated these verses, except the vague idea, not corroborated by uniform experience, that a Scotchman in difficulties would make for his native country. To achieve this feat, Sawney must have ridden right through the ranks of the victorious Royalists. Sawney did nothing of the sort. He fled southward, scattering across the country in the direction of Tadcaster; his general Lord Leven "never drew bridle till he got to Leeds;" where, according to a story which the Royalists repeated with intense pleasure, he was taken up by the parish constable. The real facts, however, are recounted in the "Memoirs of the Somervilles:"—"The earl himself, being much wearied, in the evening of the battle, with ordering his army, and now quite spent with his long journey in the night, had cast himself down upon a bed to rest; when an express from David Leslie arriving, he awoke, and hastily cries out, 'Lieutenant-Colonel, what news?' 'All is safe, please your ex-

currence; the Parliament's army has obtained a great victory;' and then he delivers the letter. The general upon hearing this, knocked upon his breast, and says, 'I would to God I had died upon the place!'" Old Ferdinando, Lord Fairfax, for his part, ran away as far as Cawood; where, says Warburton, he too, "like a sensible old veteran as he was, went to bed; there being no fire or candle in the house." This story Mr. Sanford discredits, because his lordship dated as of the 2d July an official letter to the Mayor of Hull, announcing the victory. But the temptation to antedate was strong.

The younger blood was hotter. Thomas Fairfax, according to his own account, was returning from a successful charge, when he got involved in the disaster of his infantry, and was driven by Goring's attack among the enclosures by Marston, where death or capture seemed inevitable. He and Lambert (afterwards Cromwell's famous Major-General), took the white ribbon out of their hats, got together some twenty or thirty horsemen, cut right through Goring's troopers, and escaped—Fairfax with a slash in the face—to join Cromwell on the open moor.

Did Prince Rupert head in person this successful charge of the Royalist left? Clearly not. Rupert is a mythical personage in history. Wherever a "fiery charge," doing more harm to friends than foes, is to be perpetrated, poetical fitness requires that it be laid at Rupert's door. Tradition, even from the earliest times, selected this as one of the instances. Defoe, in his "Memoirs of a Cavalier," (in which the account of Marston fight is as life-like as anything which ever proceeded from his pen, but the flimsiest romance notwithstanding), confirmed and popularized the tradition. Walter Scott, and poets and romancers in general, have taken it up without hesitation. And Eliot Warburton, in his "sensation" biography of Prince Rupert, endeavours to establish it, on the authority of "Whitelock, Fairfax, and the event." Whitelock wrote on hearsay, and that so imperfect, that he

says the battle began at "seven in the morning." Fairfax says nothing about it. Probability is all against it. Rupert, for the first time in his unlucky life, was sole in command in a pitched battle. Even he would scarcely have so far suffered mere pugnacity to "get the better of every other duty," as to charge with Goring's cavalry at the very extremity of the field. Scoutmaster Watson avers distinctly, that Rupert rode at the head of his own lifeguards, on the west of the field, and engaged in all but personal conflict with Cromwell. Watson, however, only gives the belief current at the moment among the soldiers on his side; and he seems, moreover, in this portion of his story, a little romantic, and addicted to magnifying his leader. In truth, the Prince's whereabouts, in this scene of fearful tumult, is not positively ascertained. That he was somewhere in the thick of the *mêlée* we may well believe, were it only from the circumstance that the Roundheads discovered his favourite dog, "Boy," among the slain¹—"more prized by his master than creatures of much more worth." The next glimpse we get of Rupert shows him doing a leader's last duty, by covering the retreat of his broken forces into York.

The credit of this successful cavalier charge must, as it seems, be divided between Goring and him to whom Rushworth expressly ascribes it—namely, Sir John Urry—who afterwards changed sides twice, and got hanged at last for his pains.

Of Newcastle's prowess on the field we know more, thanks to his fond and fantastic biographer, "the thrice noble, illustrious, and excellent princess, Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle."

¹ A Roundhead pamphlet, in doggerel verse, entitled "A Dogg's Elegy, or Rupert's Teares," raises him to the rank of an imp, or dog-fiend. The frontispiece represents poor Boy lying on the field of honour, his four legs in the air; under which are these verses:

Sad Cavaliers, Rupert invites you all,
That do survive, to his Dog's funeral:
Close mourners are the Witch, the Pope, the Devil,
That much lament your late befallen evil.

She informs us that, having descended from his coach-and-six, he was surrounded by his followers, "to whom my lord spake after this manner:—" "Gentlemen," said he, "you have done me the honour to chuse me your captain, and now is the fittest time that I may do you service; wherefore, if you'll follow me, I shall lead you on the best I can, and show you the way to your own honour." They being as glad of my lord's proffer, as my lord was of their readiness, went on with the greatest courage; and, passing through two bodies of foot, engaged with one another not at forty yards' distance, received not the least hurt, although they fired quick upon each other, but marched towards a Scots regiment of foot, which they charged and routed; in which encounter my lord himself killed three with his page's half-leaden sword, for he had "no other left him!" . . . In short, it is plain that his lordship would have won the battle, in his wife's opinion, with his own hand, had it not been for the obstinacy of one unlucky Roundhead. "At last, after they had passed through this regiment of foot, a pike-man made a stand to the whole troop: and though my lord charged him twice or thrice, yet he could not enter him!—(get within his guard, the lady means)—"but the troops despatched him soon."

Darkness, or rather, moonlight, was now drawing near, and matters stood thus. Not only the beaten wings, respectively, but "the gross" of both armies, were flying, distractedly, in all directions. Cromwell's and David Leslie's horse, seconded by the best of Manchester's foot, were in possession of the western part of the moor, and had changed their front: their backs were now towards Wilstrop wood, their faces towards Marston village: rallying to them Fairfax, and such fragments of his force as were capable of being rallied. We may almost imagine Oliver addressing Fairfax in the words of Desaix to Napoleon at Marengo: "The battle is lost; but there is time left

"to win another." The nearest unbroken division of the enemy to them consisted of Newcastle's "lambs." These seem to have held the same ground on which they had repulsed Fairfax's front attack—the spot in question, termed "a small parcel of ground, ditched in," being, as I conjecture, at or near the point called "Four Loans' Meet." Cromwell's first onset on them was repulsed with musketry. But small chance had these stubborn Borderers, in their new serge doublets, with their unwieldy pikes, taken, as they now were, in flank, against the repeated rush of the Ironsides. They stood their ground to a man, and were simply cut to pieces. "They were killed in rank and file," says Duchess Margaret. "When the horse did enter (says Lilly, the astrologer, in his *Life and Times*), they would have no quarter, but fought it out till there was not thirty of them living. Those whose hap it was to be beaten down upon the ground as the troopers came near them, though they could not escape their wounds, yet were so desperate as to get either a pike or sword, or a piece of them, and to gore the troopers' horses as they came over them. Captain Camby, then a trooper under Cromwell, and an actor, who was the third or fourth man that entered amongst them, protested he never, in all the fights he was in, met with such resolute, brave fellows, or whom he pitied so much; and said he saved two or three against their wills."¹

And now Goring's and Urry's horse had returned from chasing the Scots, had descended "the hill," and, covering the few Royalist infantry who remained un-

broken, faced round towards Cromwell, on the edge of the moor near Marston; so that, in the language of the eye-witnesses, each army—that is, what remained of it—occupied nearly the reverse position to that which it had held when the fight began. The crisis had come, and was determined by sheer superiority of discipline—the great moral of Marston day. "That difference," says Clarendon, in his account of Naseby fight, "was observable all along in the discipline of the king's troops, and of those which marched under the command of Fairfax and Cromwell (for it was only under them, and had never been remarkable under Essex or Waller), that though the king's troops persisted in the charge, and routed those they had charged, they seldom rallied themselves in order, nor could be brought to make a second charge again upon the same day." So, in the present instance, Cromwell's troopers came on in regular array. Goring's could hardly be brought to form at all, and advanced in mere disorder. Under such circumstances, the upshot was inevitable. The shock of the last encounter seems to have been short, the loss of life slight; but the moonlight pursuit was bloody. "We followed them," says Watson, "to within a mile of York, cutting them down, so that their dead bodies lay three miles in length." The battle was finally won and lost, and the Parliament forces remained masters of the carnage-cumbered moor, with some fifteen hundred or two thousand prisoners, besides artillery, stores, and standards, as the prize of victory.¹

Cromwell (ably seconded by David Lesley) was therefore the true hero of the day. For once, the mythical and

¹ The few surviving White-Coats seem, like Falstaff's ragamuffins, to have repaired "to the town end" to beg, or worse, for life. The duchess has a story, how a Royalist officer, crossing to the Continent, was set upon at sea by certain "Pickaroons," who discovered that he knew the Marquis of Newcastle: whereupon they "did not only take nothing from him, but used him with all civility, and desired him to remember their humble duty to their general, for they were some of his White-Coats that had escaped death."

¹ These "standards," throughout the Civil War, served, among other purposes, that of political caricatures; and very quaint are the descriptions recorded of them. The following, taken at Marston, must have taxed the fingers of the fair Royalists who wrought it pretty severely: "A blue, and on it a crown towards the top, with a mitre beneath the crown, with the Parliament painted on the side; and this motto, *Nolite tangere Christos meos*:" (to wit, the crown and the mitre).

the real history coalesce. It is strange that Warburton should say that "Cromwell was then comparatively unknown, and that very little is proved to have been done by him at this battle." As to the fact of his achievements, the eye-witnesses speak plain enough. As to the estimate made of them at the time, there is overwhelming testimony. It is enough to cite canny Principal Baillie, who cannot conceal his disgust at the impudence of the Independents in declaring that "they and their Major-General Cromwell had done it all their alone," to the disparagement of godly officers of his own covenanting colour; and envious Hollis, who says "he had the boldness to ascribe some much of the victory to himself, or rather, Herod-like, to suffer others to magnify and adore him for it." In truth, the name of Cromwell rather seems brought prominently forward, in contemporary accounts, earlier than his actions would appear to justify. "The spirits of great men," like those of great events, often "stride forth before the events." Mankind early recognise their coming masters. Such figures as those of Caesar, Cromwell, Robespierre, rivet the attention of the bystanders even before the hour of their full development has arrived. At all events, the names of Cromwell and Marston are now righteously inseparable to the end of time. So I thought as I walked through the village, and entered a tidy new schoolhouse, where some twenty or thirty tall and clever-looking Yorkshiremen and women of the future were undergoing a questioning by their master in English history. I followed them through the disasters of Robert Bruce, and heard how that hero could not find a roof to lay his head under—from whence a digression to the respective merits of slates and tiles for roofing, on which point I am not certain that the class were quite orthodox. But when I craved leave to put a question for myself, and asked, "Who fought the great battle in the fields between this and Tockwith?" I was answered at once by the shout of a queer-faced urchin near

me, followed by a chorus of his fellows, "Oliver Crummle!"

*"L'humble toit dans deux cents ans
N'aura plus d'autre histoire."*

I am bound to add that, on further examination, I found many of the class, especially the elder maidens, so well "posted up" on the subject of their great parochial battle that, if womankind gain their rights in my time, I shall not despair of seeing the owners of some of those bright, sharp pairs of eyes, in possession of clerkships obtained by competition.

As to the events which followed the battle, my tale must be short. Rupert retreated on York; and, after a day or two's fierce recrimination with Newcastle, marched into Lancashire, unpursued, at the head of his diminished army. The Marquis having fully weighed what was due to himself against what was due to King Charles—and finding, moreover, that he had only ninety pounds left in his pocket, a small residue for one whose rent-roll amounted to the then enormous sum of 23,000*l.* a year—abandoned the cause, and took ship for the Continent. How he begged and borrowed his way there, through sixteen meagre years of Royalist exile—now driving about Germany "in a coach and nine horses of a Holstian breed, for which horses he paid 160*l.* and was afterwards offered for one of them 100 pistoles at Paris"¹—now so hard up for a dinner that he was fain to request his lady to make her waiting-maid, Mrs. Chaplain, now "Mrs. Top, pawn some small toys which she had formerly given her"—how he returned at the Restoration a much poorer, but very little wiser man, was made a duke, and told long stories of his campaigns for the rest of his days—for all these things the reader must be

¹ His Grace's fondness for horseflesh ought to redeem some of his absurdities. "So great a love," says his consort, "had my lord for good horses: and certainly I have observed, and do verily believe, that some of them had a particular love for my lord; for they seemed to rejoice whenever he came into the stables, by their trampling action, and the noise they made."

referred to his duchess's life of him, already quoted; which if he does not happen to know, he will thank me for introducing him to a store of old-world amusement.

As for the victorious party, they spent the following days on the moor, in much privation, endured with great constancy and discipline, rallying their scattered forces as well as they might; and then resumed the siege of York, which shortly surrendered. I need not recapitulate the names of the men of account who fell on both sides; they will be found catalogued in all the authorities. But it is a picturesque bit of story, and as such may be recommended to artists in search of a subject, how, on the day after the fight, the victors led their prisoner, the chivalrous Sir Charles Lucas, over the field, in order that he might identify the bodies of the Cavaliers, whom their white skins denoted as belonging to the "quality;" that they might receive burial apart. But he could not say he knew any one—or, as they thought, would not, lest he should increase their triumph—except one gentleman, who "had a brace—let of hair about his wrist." Sir Charles desired the bracelet might be taken off, and said, "an honourable lady would give thanks for that." So the slain men were simply thrown together, gentry and commonalty, into deep trenches, dug by the country folks on the field. Some of these (according to Ashe) told the soldiers, that they had buried in this way 4,150 bodies.¹ These

¹ This number, according to modern proportion, would imply, at the very least, 20,000 "hors de combat." It may be believed, that the proportion of killed to wounded was greater in the civil wars than in modern battles, in which great armies, "pot" at each other from a distance for whole days with cannon and musketry. Men were in earnest in those times, and struck home. Still, the sum is probably exaggerated. The admitted number on the two sides together did not exceed a thousand killed outright.

"The battles of our civil wars were tournaments," says a clever *Times* correspondent from America, contrasting them with the supposed magnitude of modern conflicts. Taking the killed and wounded at Marston at six or seven thousand, and proportioning numbers to popu-

trenches would naturally be dug at the points where the greatest slaughter took place. According to local tradition, these were chiefly at the spot called Four Loans' Meet, and at another a little west, marked in the Ordnance Map as "White Syke's Close;" while other graves were traceable in the last century along Wilstrop Wood side. Many researches have been made by the curious; but the harvest of death has not been fully disinterred, nor will be till the day of judgment. Bullets and similar trifling relics are still picked up. I was told, that within these few years, "many skellingtons like" had been struck upon in making a drain on the lands of Wilstrop Grange Farm, but I could not ascertain the exact spot. And an old dame, a cottager at Wilstrop village, informed me that her son had picked up and brought home "a lot of teeth," but she made him throw them away, "for fear them as they belonged to might come for them." Other memorials of the fight there seem to be few. In York Museum are some swords and cuirasses taken from the field—one of the latter of magnificent proportions, which had resisted the deep dint of a bullet, but had not defended its stalwart wearer against some other mortal wound.

The battle of Marston Moor, though it led to no immediate consequences beyond the capture of York, was, as has been said, the turning-point of the first civil war. The king was enabled to prolong it for a year, chiefly by reason of Montrose's successes, which paralyzed the Scots, and prevented them from co-operating with Parliament in the south. But, on the other hand, it was through the destruction of the king's party in the north of England, that Leslie was able to return to Scotland a year after, and deal Montrose the last blow. Both Naseby and Philiphaugh were, therefore, the legitimate fruits of the day which I have endeavoured to describe, with the zeal, perhaps with the trifling particularity, of an itinerant antiquary.

lation, this would represent a battle in the United States between 250,000 men on the two sides, with 30,000 killed and wounded!